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1. Stop smoking now.
Your risk of getting lung cancer is much higher if you smoke. And the risk applies to cigars and pipes, as well as cigarettes.
2. Include fiber in your diet.
Eat foods that have a high fiber content, such as whole grain breads and cereals. Raw fruits, nuts and vegetables such as beans and peas are also good sources.
3. Cut down on fats.
Eat lean meats, fish and poultry. Broil, bake or roast, instead of frying.
4. Eat foods high in vitamins C and E.
There is scientific evidence that eating foods high in these "protective vitamins" may help reduce cancer risk and studies are continuing to identify their roles more clearly. You'll find vitamin C in

5. Have regular medical check-ups.
At least once a year, unless your physician believes that you should be checked more frequently because of any particular health problem or family history.
6. Eat foods rich in Beta Carotene.
There is increasing evidence from research that including foods rich in Beta Carotene in your diet may help reduce your risk of certain cancers, particularly lung cancer. For example, *The New England Journal of Medicine** recently published a study done at Johns Hopkins University which showed a significantly lower occurrence of lung cancer in a group of people who had high blood levels of Beta Carotene.

Where will you find Beta Carotene? In dark green leafy vegetables like broccoli, spinach and kale. Also carrots, pumpkins and sweet potatoes. Plus fruits, such as apricots, peaches, papayas, cantaloupe and similar melons.

* Serum Beta Carotene, Vitamins A and E, Selenium and the Risk of Lung Cancer. *New England Journal of Medicine*. Nov 13, 1986.

A health message from Hoffmann-La Roche Inc.



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COVER: Still invincible, America's No. 1 hero hits 50. Happy Birthday, Superman!

Since 1938 the man of steel has appeared in comics and films and on radio, TV and Broadway and has permeated U.S. pop culture. Ever changing, he now works out with weights and may help the homeless. But amid festivities and analysis (Is he a god? Is he a virgin?), Superman's fans celebrate his enduring, unique embodiment of the best in the national character. See **SHOW BUSINESS**.



NATION: As Panama's crisis escalates, the U.S. examines a failed drug policy

Washington's long-standing tolerance for Strongman Manuel Antonio Noriega and the brutal drug-related slaying of a New York City policeman are symbols of a losing battle. ▶ Detroit, Miami and Washington illustrate how the booming trade in crack has destroyed inner-city neighborhoods. ▶ A day in the life of George Bush's campaign juggernaut.



WORLD: Gorbachev faces a crucial test as ethnic clashes erupt in two republics

Rooted in ancient hatreds, the unrest is fueled by the Soviet leader's headlong rush to modernize his country. An exclusive look at the demonstrations. ▶ Shultz offers the Reagan Administration's first Middle East peace plan since 1982. ▶ A backlash helps white extremists win a key by-election in South Africa. ▶ Manila's mood is clouded two years after the People Power revolution.



48 Economy & Business

Thanks to a weakened dollar, U.S. manufacturing comes back. ▶ Fighting for Federated. ▶ A crackdown by cashmere cops.

59 Law

Artists want the right to protect their work even after they sell it. Now Congress is considering new laws to permit that.

60 Profile

Power broker without peer, Robert Strauss may again show his dealmaking flair—at a deadlocked Democratic Convention.

63 Press

For campaign '88, the networks revive an old newspaper tradition: the cub reporter. ▶ *Soldier of Fortune* is found liable for a deadly ad.

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A critical shortage of nurses threatens to cripple the health-care system, as R.N.s fight low pay, low status and long hours.

80 Technology

Imaging techniques developed for the space program help unravel a 2,000-year-old mystery—and not a minute too soon.

84 Cinema

Harrison Ford goes *Frantic* in Roman Polanski's homage to Hitchcock. ▶ Kathleen Turner niftily anchors *Switching Channels*.

94 Essay

Gravitas is a mystery: Who has it? Who does not? American voters search the field of candidates for signs of the magic quality.

Cover:
Illustration by John Byrne and Jerry Ordway. Superman character © 1988 DC Comics Inc.
Typography designed by Gerard Huerta

A Letter from the Publisher

The Meissner effect, named after German Physicist Walther Meissner, is defined as the exclusion of a magnetic field. The Stephenson effect, named after TIME Picture Editor Michele Stephenson, is defined as the solution to the problem of producing a perfect photograph to illustrate an impossibly complex story. The picture behind Stephenson, in which a swinging ceramic ball is being repelled by a horseshoe magnet, is an ingenious portrayal of superconductivity, one of the most promising new scientific frontiers. The Meissner effect picture by TIME's Bill Pierce, which appeared in our Aug. 10, 1987, issue, won the prestigious Budapest Award, given for best illustrating "positive and innovative action concerned with the preservation of our endangered planet," at last month's 31st World Press Photo competition in Amsterdam.

The award enhanced TIME's reputation as one of the world's premier showcases for photojournalism. At the Amsterdam competition, the magazine won eleven of the 55 prizes, more than any other news publication. That was a gratifying welcome for Stephenson, who became picture editor 2½ months ago. A native of Washington, she joined the magazine in 1966. After spending eleven years as a picture and text researcher, she left TIME to become picture editor of *US* maga-



Picture Editor Stephenson and Meissner effect

zine, then assistant managing editor of *Look*. She returned in 1979 as a deputy picture editor, and was appointed to her current post late last year after the retirement of Arnold Drapkin, who is now our consulting picture editor.

Stephenson spends most of her time deploying a small army of photographers around the world—solving their logistical problems, salvaging their egos and astonishing the editors with her ability to come up with a remarkable picture under appalling circumstances. Her first big test was the Winter Olympics in Calgary, where disruptively high winds played havoc with the schedules, tempers and com-

plexions of TIME's twelve-member photo team. "The photographers were going crazy," she says. "It seemed as if almost every time they showed up for an event it got canceled." Stephenson's current challenge is the U.S. presidential campaign. "We feel like football quarterbacks constantly switching signals to cover the key plays," she says. "The candidates are always on the move." So, not surprisingly, are Stephenson's photographers.

Rhett L. Miller

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TIME MARCH 14, 1994

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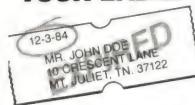


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Letters

Energetic Elders

To the Editors:

As a senior economics student who has worked with Americans for Generational Equity, I know the aging of America is one issue we are not going to be able to ignore (*LIVING*, Feb. 22). The baby boomers will have begun to retire by 2010. College students need to understand the dilemma that growing old poses for our future. We should begin to work with our elders to take care of this problem before it is too late.

Jeremy S. Tachau
Champaign, Ill.



"Grays on the Go" made me feel good. It sent me out into a cold wind for a two-mile walk. In a couple of months I will reach the age of 80. After reading your article, I look forward to living to 90 at least.

Scott F. Redfield
Hille, West Germany

The cover story fails to emphasize one point: part of the Social Security payment that recipients get is money that was previously collected from them and their employers. The fact that some people have done well financially is no reason to renege on their prepaid benefits.

Jack G. Campbell
Dallas

The idea of a generational war is pure nonsense to most of us. We plan to help our kids, the same as our parents helped us. And we know our children will be there if we ever need them. That's the way they were raised. We'll enjoy as much of life as we can for as long as possible, while continuing to be responsible not only for those we care about but for the world at large. It's a great time to be alive.

Charlotte deGregoris
Paoli, Pa.

You say, "In the 1880s, when German Chancellor Otto von Bismarck set the retirement age at 65." The fact is that in the

system established by Bismarck, the minimum retirement age was designated as 70. It was not until 1916, during World War I, that Germany lowered the retirement age to 65.

Robert J. Myers
Silver Spring, Md.

An article on America's senior citizens and their aging problems should include Eubie Blake's priceless comment about his 100th birthday: "If I'd known I was going to live this long, I'd have taken better care of myself."

Bill Heath
Boise

Robertson Strikes a Chord

It is time for America to get back to the God-fearing moral standard of yesterday. We need men and women, like Pat Robertson (*NATION*, Feb. 22), who have the guts to stand up against the evils of Communism, homosexuality, abortion and gun control.

Carl Kempa
Bent Mountain, Va.

I believe Robertson is raising ethical questions that need to be answered, but it scares me to think he could be taken seriously as a presidential candidate. A self-proclaimed faith healer and speaker in tongues, he says he saved his TV network and people's lives by altering the course of Hurricane Gloria. That storm he claimed to have shifted struck another part of the U.S., taking lives there.

Raymond D. Smith
Upland, Calif.

There are those of us who abhor the idea of censorship, who believe in separation of church and state, who praise public education and who fear the chosen of God because their beliefs may mask the pursuit of personal power. But the new morality, which holds that anything goes and every life-style is worthy of public acceptance, is too much. Something must change. Can politics help? We may be ready to become rash.

Mary Kennedy Barnwell
Madisonville, Tenn.

Women Warriors

You are correct in noting that not everyone agrees with the course the U.S. is taking in opening more positions for women in the armed forces (*NATION*, Feb. 15). The defense effort is being systematically politicized and national security disregarded over the long haul in favor of social progress. I, for one, do not care to serve at sea with females. Why is our military not able to ride above this storm of "equal everything"? Where are leaders with guts and foresight?

Donald A. Cruse
Commander, U.S.N. (ret.)
Arlington, Va.

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Letters

I have a sister in the Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corps and support women in the military. They have usually gone to war in one capacity or another: they have always been necessary and are as capable as men in today's high-tech battle environment. The reality is that blood is blood: the American people don't want to see anyone, male or female, come home in a body bag.

James Davidson
Santa Barbara, Calif.

P.L.O.'s Freedom to Speak

In his criticism of the State Department for closing the P.L.O.'s Palestine Information Office in Washington [ESSAY, Feb. 22], Michael Kinsley deals with theory but does not face reality. Society has to put limits on destructive elements. There is no such thing as absolute freedom in a civilized world. Any group that advocates random murder should not be allowed to flourish.

Blanche Gorsky
Winnipeg, Man.

We apparently do not want to talk to the P.L.O. Nor do we want it to talk to us. We try to run it out of national forums wherever it appears. But when the P.L.O. has nothing left to offer except terrorism, I will not blame it, because we have not given it another choice.

Rafeek M. Farah
Trenton, Mich.

Whose Foreign Policy?

Charles Krauthammer complains that Speaker of the House Jim Wright wants to hand over control of our foreign policy in Central America to the Central Americans [ESSAY, Feb. 8]. Krauthammer appears to believe that U.S. interests under the Arias peace plan would be determined by Costa Rican President Oscar Arias Sánchez and other Central American Presidents. Krauthammer prefers that the Secretary of State take charge of our policy in Central America.

The real target of Krauthammer's displeasure should be President Reagan. After years of talking both diplomacy and war but practicing only the latter in Central America, the Reagan Administration has created a diplomatic vacuum that Speaker Wright and Congress are attempting to fill. President Arias deserves plaudits for standing up to President Reagan and attempting to fill the vacuum.

Charles L. Stansifer, Director
Center of Latin American Studies
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kans.

Whale Watch

It is good that the Japanese have agreed to a moratorium on all commercial whaling. Nevertheless, it is disturbing to learn that they want to catch 300 minke

whales for allowable "scientific purposes" and that the meat will turn up in restaurants [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Feb. 22]. "Americans eat beef," the Japanese say. "Why can't we eat whale?" The comparison is not valid and reveals an underlying ignorance of the very basic difference between the two foods. Beef cattle are raised by humans for consumption. Whales are wild. When the Japanese start raising domestic whales, they can eat all the whale meat they want.

Sandi Morris
Clifton, N.J.

More Money from Tax Collecting

You have described Governor Michael Dukakis' position on the subject of generating more revenue through improvements in tax collection as a "widely ridiculed notion that stricter IRS enforcement would slash \$35 billion from the deficit" [NATION, Feb. 1]. Before my election to the Senate in 1986, I was tax commissioner for the state of North Dakota for six years, and I think Dukakis is right. According to a study issued by the California Institute of Technology last year, the IRS could have collected an additional \$47 billion in 1985 if audit rates of individual returns that year were as high as they had been in 1977. The IRS calculates that each dollar spent on examining tax returns will generate some \$15 of additional revenue, and each dollar spent on collections will generate about \$20. Expenditures to upgrade federal tax enforcement should be viewed as an investment that will yield permanent improvements in the level of voluntary compliance.

Kent Conrad
U.S. Senator, North Dakota
Washington

Remembering the Beauty

The reactions of readers to your article "Welcome Back to Viet Nam" [LETTERS, Feb. 8] represent a bitter perspective. I lived and worked in Viet Nam from 1966 to 1969. What I saw was an ugly war fought in a beautiful country. There were the bomb craters and bloody, bullet-pocked walls, but better remembered are the flower stalls, the ancient temples and the Cam Ranh beach. Excesses were committed by both sides, but the charm of the country and the character of its people have not been destroyed. Prosperity has a way of diminishing despotism, whatever its guise. If we can forgive Germany and Japan their wartime sins, surely we can begin to understand Viet Nam so that we can again enjoy its beauty.

Phillip Cohen
Sydney

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American Scene

In Texas: Where Road Scholars Get Their Education

On this raw, gusty winter morning, Mary Goodrum is wishing she were someplace else than the cab of an 18-wheeler on an abandoned Texas airfield.

Goodrum is hunched over the wheel of a Freightliner, straining with all her 106-lb. might to maneuver 61 ft. of tractor-trailer into a parking space that doesn't look large enough for two Corvettes. Like most novice truck drivers, she is confronted by too many tasks demanding simultaneous attention: eyeballing six side-view mirrors, working a gargantuan steering wheel and a muscle-wearing clutch pedal, and monitoring an instrument panel befitting a 727. Goodrum eases the rig back until ... kerplunk, she smashes into a barricade of tires.

Disgusted, Student Goodrum, 49, jumps out and watches an instructor effortlessly slide her rig back into the hole. She joins other dejected novices who have flunked the backing test. "This is grueling," she sighs.

Nothing is very easy here at the American Truck Driving School of Texas, a boot camp for long-haul drivers. The school's aim is to take a driver who may never have driven a car with a stick shift and, in three weeks of nonstop instruction, turn the greenhorn into a licensed, road-ready trucker. That means endless hours of double-clutching around a 32-mile course of rutted concrete while dodging orange traffic cones and 50 other student truckers.

An instructor warns new recruits of the rigors: "You can't come in here with a hangover. This is no vacation. We're giving you nothing. You're going to work for it." Rows of bleary-eyed, mostly young faces nod grudgingly. Most have forked out \$3,000 in tuition fees for practical reasons—they want better jobs and more money—and they prefer what Curriculum Director George Beaulieu promises them the next day: "M-O-N-E-Y. Big trucks, big bucks."

And the jobs are out there for the picking. Thanks to deregulation of the trucking industry in 1980, there is a growing demand for nonunion drivers. Tighter licensing procedures and drug screening have worsened the trucker shortage. As a result, beginners can select from a variety of offers,



Truck stop: two students pose with Ed Bagby

some paying more than \$30,000 a year.

No wonder, then, that such a motley class has assembled here on the bleak prairie outside Waco. There are a former helicopter pilot and a nurse, out-of-work oil roughnecks and two grandmothers, a bookkeeper and a county jailer. Even a computer programmer. People with lives gone sour or careers on hold. People treading water, looking for a break. For them the open road beckons as a great new beginning. "I'll make my husband's \$45,000 within two years," whispers Goodrum. She and a friend have enrolled so they can travel the country with their

trucker husbands. An appliance technician is here because "there are too many technicians in Fort Worth." The pilot "wants to see life on the ground" and sock away a retirement kitty.

The excitement grows as newcomers slide admiring hands across the fenders of gleaming Peterbills and Kenworths, aligned in sleek rows like so many Tonka toys. "Ain't nothing gonna stop me," shrieks one youth, bounding from one cab to the next, sounding long, guttural blasts from the air horns. "The way I figure it," says Brian Eastman, an erstwhile roofer in the Rio Grande Valley, "computers will be gone in another ten years. But anything this country uses has to go by truck." "Damn right," chimes in a buddy. "Country's always gonna need truck drivers."

The euphoria begins to fade as the recruits confront the regimen of 7 a.m. classes and long nights of homework. "Welcome to the world of full-angle parking," crackles a voice from the control tower over radios. Like a ringmaster, he directs a grand promenade of trainees in 20 giant tractor-trailers down the runway. Admonishments come thick and fast: "Truck six, you're in a hopeless position. Hard left!" "Don't shift on curves." "Watch your r.p.m.s." "Don't run up curbs." Brown-jacketed instructors with walkie-talkies strut the field with the authority of drill instructors.

Taming 350 horses is no task for the fainthearted, recruits quickly find. Gary Brown takes a last nervous drag from his cigarette, then hoists himself tentatively behind the wheel of a Freightliner twice his height. At the controls he is master of a 26-ton ship. Not like the old Toyota, he chuckles, warming to the banks of switches and lights. A shaky finger finally finds the starter button. "You're in luck, this is a ten-speed," the instructor soothes. "Clutch in, clutch in, don't wiggle the stick. Watch those mirrors—they're not there for drying socks."

The huge machine bucks and bolts. "I can't find third," Brown cries. In jerks and starts, he manages to navigate a lap in second and fifth, then lurches to a stop. "You're not leaving now?" he calls out in alarm as the teacher jumps out. But soon he is bobbing effortlessly through a slalom course of oil drums and yellow



Course work: the difficulty of herding a 350-horse machine

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American Scene

lines. "Weird. Tougher than I figured," he mutters above the rattle and rumble. "It's going to take lots more practice."

For Brown, the assistant manager of a Houston dry-cleaning shop, trucking is a shortcut to the American dream, a jump start to economic respectability. "It's a quick trade, no long years training like a lawyer," he boasts, thinking about the baby he and his wife want. The county jailer, Jose Hernandez, agrees. "I'm already used to hard work. This is going to be like owning my own business. People are impressed."

But for others, the real lure of the highway is the prospect of having fun and letting go: the thrill and freedom of piloting a silver comet across the plains, chrome stacks sparkling in the sun, stereo pounding with Waylon Jennings. "The open road, going places I haven't been—that turns me on," says Eastman.

The professionals know better. The Dallas-to-Chicago run loses its luster after the 100th trip. Romance is worn down by long days and lousy food. The course books don't talk about maneuvering Manhattan in a snowstorm. "They'll soon find out," smiles a young instructor. "Drove ten years, truckin' got both my wives." Truck-company reps, roaming the halls to recruit talent, mince no words about the tough life. "Glory goes out the window when you're pounding 5,000 miles a week," says an old-timer. "Trucking used to be an honorable profession too. Now a lady can't even get on the CB without getting harassed. And John Q. hates us." As Instructor Ed Bagby warns his students, "A lot of drivers have it out for truckers. They want to get even for being cut off ten years ago. You leave your problems at home."

By the second week a dozen trainees have dropped out. But dozens of others like Goodrum, undaunted by failure, have hung in and passed their tests on the second and third tries. They swagger about the smoke-filled coffee room with all the bearing of veteran road hogs. Their bravado is largely superficial. "Deep down, these guys realize it isn't *B.J.* and *the Bear* out there on the highway," says a recruiter. The real road is tougher than the school, but at this point, who wants to tamper with romantic illusions? "At the jail, all I learned was about the bad people," recalls Hernandez. "In the truck, you get the chance to learn something about yourself."

That learning has already come for Richard Coombes, a lanky Missourian. Despite much self-doubt, Coombes has made it through the school with a 91.4 average. As instructors pump his hand, the ex-store clerk clutches a diploma in tractor-trailer driving and grins broadly. "I kept telling myself, 'You can do it. You can do it.'" He sallies into the Texas night, now a king of the road with a new measure of self-esteem: "I can't think of anything that hasn't been hauled in a truck," he says.

—By Richard Woodbury

TIME, MARCH 14, 1988

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TIME MARCH 14, 1988

Tears of Rage

Americans lose patience with Panama and with a failed drug policy



His timing was not the best. "The tide of battle has turned, and we are beginning to win the crusade for a drug-free America," Ronald Reagan declared last week at a White House conference on drugs. Yet as the confrontation escalated between the U.S. and Panama, and thousands of police gathered for the funeral of a New York City officer assassinated by a drug gang, Nancy Reagan took a tougher line. "Drugs are tearing our communities apart," insisted the First Lady. "If you are a casual drug user, you are an accomplice to murder."

The destructive and insidious menace of drugs has again boiled to a crisis. Once more, the First Couple and other Americans have declared themselves fed up and angry about the damage that illegal drugs are wreaking on their homes and communities. This time, however, many people were asking more insistently whether the U.S. is really serious about combating its drug problem. How long should Washington tolerate drug-financed corruption in such allied nations as Panama, Mexico and Colombia? And how long will ordinary Americans wink at the widespread, casual drug use that underwrites the violence on their streets?

In 1986 the death of Basketball Star Len Bias after a cocaine overdose caused a national outcry. Last week another death became an even more chilling symbol: the brazen assassination of Police Officer Edward Byrne, 22, a New York City rookie cop guarding the home of a Queens resident who had complained about cocaine dealing in his neighborhood. A gunman fired five shots into Byrne's parked squad car, breaching a line against the deliberate killing of police that even the Mafia usually respects. An army of 10,000 lawmen, some from as far away as Texas, attended Byrne's funeral in what may have been the largest such U.S. police honor guard. "If our son Eddie, sitting in a police car representing and protecting us, can be wasted by scum, then none of us

is safe," said his grieving father Matthew, a retired New York police lieutenant. New York Mayor Edward Koch called Byrne a "martyr in what amounts to a war for national survival."

Another focus of the anger was the difficulty of ousting Panama's arrogant military leader, General Manuel Antonio Noriega. U.S. attorneys in Tampa and Miami last month had announced indictments of Noriega for drug trafficking and money laundering. The charges made it impossible for the Reagan Administration to continue to overlook Noriega's sinister activities.

The Administration's initial steps against Noriega last week seemed timid and tentative. In response to a deadline

mas is widely known as a money-laundering and transshipment point for drug dealers, Colombia has made no visible headway against its notorious Medellín cartel and Mexico is the base of ever growing drug-smuggling traffic across the porous U.S. border.

Even the State Department, which produced the certification list, has quietly joined the DEA in opposing the full certification of Mexico, partly on grounds that Mexican authorities have failed to prosecute suspected killers of a DEA agent. But the President and Attorney General Edwin Meese took a more tolerant view of Mexico's drug-fighting efforts. "We have to recognize that in some countries the government is fully cooperative," Meese said recently. "They are less than fully successful because of intimidation, bribery and corruption."

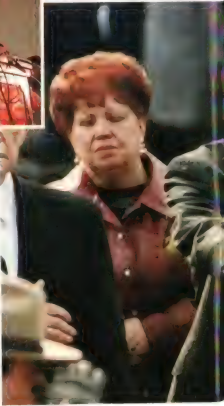
The Administration's tactics in dealing with Noriega, however, soon turned out to



As Noriega hangs on, relatives mourn Policeman Byrne

imposed by Congress in 1986, the President struck Panama from a list of nations certified as cooperating with the U.S. in reducing the production or transport of drugs. Any such "decertified" nation loses half of its U.S. economic aid and faces American opposition to requests for loans from international lending agencies. But the move was only symbolic, since U.S. aid to Panama was discontinued last year after anti-American demonstrators attacked the U.S. embassy.

The only other nations on the U.S. aid blacklist because of drugs are Iran, Afghanistan and Syria, none of which have received official American aid for years. The President claimed that the Bahamas, Colombia and Mexico have made progress against drugs, even though the Baha-



be tougher than its toothless drug decertification had suggested. The State Department declared that Panama President Eric Arturo Delvalle had been unconstitutionally dismissed by a legislature controlled by Noriega after Delvalle attempted to fire the general. Deputy Secretary of State John Whitehead certified that the proper custodian of Panamanian government funds in the U.S. Federal Reserve and federally insured banks was Juan Sosa, Delvalle's Ambassador in Washington. Sosa thus controls \$50 million that would otherwise come under the direction of Noriega's cronies.

Delvalle and Sosa sought other ways to squeeze the Noriega government financially. One was to urge the Administration to hold up \$7 million that the U.S. will soon owe Panama as a periodic payment required by the Panama Canal treaties. Delvalle has persuaded most of Panama's worldwide consulates to retain the more than \$20 million in annual payments that the government reportedly receives from 11,000 merchant ships registered under the Panamanian flag. In a written response to questions from *TIME* last week, Delvalle declared from hiding, "All imaginable pressures, no matter how dramatic they may seem, should be taken if we want to have a democracy in Panama."

Dropping all pretense that Delvalle is calling the shots alone, the State Department asked again for Noriega's removal. Secretary of State George Shultz declared that "Noriega is a drug runner and he has to go." Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams explained that the Noriega government has a public payroll of \$65 million a month and has only enough cash



left for another month. "After that, he's out of money."

Worried about a financial collapse, depositors rushed to withdraw cash from Panamanian banks, and the Panama National Bank declared that it could not help meet the demands placed on these institutions. All banks in the country were shut down by Friday. An anti-Noriega general strike gradually picked up steam before being called off by its leaders, who were worried that an economic panic might produce widespread violence.

Still, the Administration's moves against the Panamanian general did not stem solely from any newly inspired outrage over his alleged drug dealing. "We don't know anything today about Noriega

that we didn't know a year ago," conceded a senior State official. "What's changed is politics and Panama, not Noriega."

While Reagan seemed to hold the upper hand in the battle against the general, few experts agreed with the President that the war against drugs was being won. Some were reminded of Richard Nixon's 1974 declaration that "we have indeed turned the corner" in fighting drugs. "Yeah," scoffed one federal drug agent last week. "We turned the corner—and there was an army coming."

Prompted by the previous burst of national anger over drugs in 1986, Congress appropriated \$1.7 billion that year for a multiple assault on the problem. The fresh cash had an impact. The DEA last year seized \$500 million in assets of drug traffickers, such as airplanes, speedboats and property purchased from drug profits—a haul that equaled the agency's annual budget. Antidrug agencies at all levels combined last year to intercept 356 kg of heroin and 35,970 kg of cocaine, estimated by some authorities at about one-third of U.S. consumption. The comparable figures in 1981 were 209 kg of heroin and 1,872 kg of coke.

But these staggering totals also indicate how the tide of narcotics keeps rising. One measure of the huge supply the wholesale price of cocaine in the U.S. has dropped by roughly half since 1986. The advent of crack has spread cocaine use from the enclaves of middle-class America into the mean streets of the ghettos.

At last week's White House Conference on a Drug-Free America, experts differed on whether to place priority on choking off the supply or diminishing the domestic demand. U.S. Education Secretary



tary William Bennett argued that schools cannot be expected to check effectively the demand for drugs when so many youngsters watch their parents feed their own addictions. Bennett urged the full and forceful use of the U.S. military to eradicate drug crops in the producing nations and to block shipments to America. "It is to be hoped we can do this in collaboration with foreign governments," he said, adding ominously, "But if need be, we must consider doing this by ourselves."

A tough tactic was advocated by William von Raab, head of the U.S. Customs Service. After complaining that some low-ranking bureaucrats were "conscientious objectors in our war on drugs," he announced that he will order his agents to confiscate the passport of any American traveler caught carrying even so much as a marijuana joint into the U.S., starting later this month. Such measures seem certain to be challenged in court, as was random drug testing of key civilian employees in the Army and the Transportation Department. The Army



New York City Mayor Ed Koch: the President is a "wimp"
After a 20-year fight, the tide of drugs keeps rising.

halted its program last week after a federal judge declared that random urinalysis amounted to an unconstitutional search.

Many local officials were far from impressed by the federal efforts. After calling the President a "wimp" in the drug war, New York's caustic Mayor Koch complained that "we are sending economic aid to countries that are killing our children. We are paying for our own lynching." Arguing for massive military interdiction, Koch declared, "The Com-

munists aren't crossing our borders. The drugs are. The political aim of the drug traffickers is to make addicts of all of us."

Even U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, a Republican whose prosecution of New York Mafia families has given him a gangbuster's reputation, criticized the Administration's antidrug efforts as too weak. "The State Department has an elitist attitude toward the drug problem," Giuliani charged. "They don't want to deal with it. Yet it is just as important as our relations with the Soviet Union or the Middle East."

Unless drugs are attacked at every level, the U.S. may continue to flail at the problem. With a touch of sarcasm and a call for much stronger action on all drug fronts, including education, treatment and enforcement, Sterling Johnson, a special narcotics prosecutor in New York City, declared sadly, "If we are winning the war on drugs, every American better just pray each night that we don't lose."

—By Ed Magnuson.
Reported by John Moody/Panama City and Elaine Shannon/Washington

Shoot-Out on the Border

The battle against drug smugglers sometimes turns into a shooting war, as Mexico City Bureau Chief John Borrell discovered last week while on assignment along the U.S.-Mexico border. His report:

In Starr County, Texas, the U.S. Border Patrol truck sits, engine idling, on a dirt track near the Rio Grande. Its headlights have been off since it left the highway half an hour earlier and bumped across rough farm roads to within a few hundred yards of Mexico, just visible in the moonlight on the far bank of the river.

A radio suddenly spews a stream of static into the blacked-out cab. An agent scouting ahead for a gang of suspected drug smugglers has spotted his quarry. "They are at the edge of the brush," a voice whispers excitedly. "They are moving. I can see the sacks they are carrying."

Leo Laurel and Juan Treviño, the two senior agents commanding the operation, scan the road ahead through binoculars. "Got them," says Treviño. "Looks like they are heading back into the scrub." Laurel quickly checks the position of another Border Patrol unit, which has been maneuvering to cut the gang off from the river. "We need to bust them now," Laurel radios. "We're coming in fast."

Gunning the engine, Laurel races down the rutted track. Even before the truck comes to a halt, Treviño is out and running. Suddenly shots are fired, and bullets buzz overhead. Muffled shouts and the sounds of breaking branches come from a thicket of mesquite. Then more shots, this time a

short burst from an automatic weapon. A handgun replies purposefully. The shooting stops as abruptly as it started.

A paunchy, middle-aged Mexican is lying on the side of the track. His arm is bleeding, and he has been hit in the stomach. An agent radios for an ambulance. "He turned on us with this," says Treviño, a 9-mm semiautomatic Taurus pistol in his hand. "We were lucky, real lucky."

In the thick brush that borders the track another agent has pinned to the ground a second member of the gang, this one unarmed. Around the prisoner are nearly a dozen 30-lb. sacks of marijuana abandoned by his fellow "mules." The total load will weigh out at 317 lbs., worth about \$250,000 in South Texas and much more elsewhere in the U.S. If they hadn't been busted, the mules, who earn \$200 a trip, would have carried the marijuana up to the highway and loaded it into a waiting car.

For the Border Patrol's McAllen sector, 280 miles of the U.S.-Mexico boundary, this drug bust last week was the third in as many days, although the first for months involving a shoot-out on U.S. soil. South Texas is one of the most important points of entry into the U.S. for Mexican-grown marijuana, as well as cocaine from Colombia. Last year the Border Patrol in the McAllen sector captured drugs worth more than \$182 million. Yet for all their success, the Border Patrol and other

U.S. agencies estimate that they intercept just 10% of the drugs coming across the Mexican border.

An ambulance from nearby Rio Grande City arrives for the wounded man. The other captured smuggler is taken off in a truck. Laurel issues new orders to his men, then reflects on the night's events. "I don't like it when the shooting starts," he says. "Your luck has got to run out sometime."



The wounded suspect awaits an ambulance

Where the War Is Being Lost

The booming crack business is tearing the heart out of U.S. cities



If America's struggle against drugs is indeed a war, then the nation's inner cities are the trenches. Ghettos have always been the main marketplace for narcotics, but never before has the drug trade been so pervasive or its repercussions so brutal. The primary reason is crack, the cheap and highly powerful cocaine derivative. The booming crack business has led to unprecedented violence by dealers fighting for their share of the market. Widespread addiction to the drug has helped further shred what was left of the tattered social fabric of the ghetto. The mean streets of the inner city form the bloody battlegrounds where the war on drugs is being lost. Last week TIME correspondents visited the front lines in three major U.S. cities: Detroit, Miami and Washington.

DETROIT. Amid the hobos and evicted tenants at the Coalition for Temporary Shelter facility on Detroit's crumbling East Side, there is a new type of homeless: families and individuals who have fled their neighborhoods because of the crack epidemic.

Harvey Turner, 29, Denise Arrington, 30, and their two children, ages four and two, have come to the shelter seeking refuge from their Philadelphia Street home. With the violence among drug dealers and the frequent police raids on local crack houses, explains Arrington, "we didn't feel safe." During a recent late-night shootout, she says, "one of the bullets ricocheted and came through the bedroom window." According to Kevin Hailey, an autoworker who moved into the C.O.T.S. shelter last week, crack is an omnipresent fact of life in Detroit. "Drugs have taken over," says Hailey. "It has ruined the schools. You've got teachers doing it now. Every place is a dope exchange."

Wayne County Prosecutor John O'Hair estimates that 70% of all local crimes are drug related. Much of the havoc is crack fueled. "With heroin addicts, there wasn't this propensity for violent crimes," says Commander Warren Harris of the Detroit police. "Crack is a pick-me-up, a big rush. So there is a tendency to become more active, more aggressive and more violent."

Perhaps the ugliest aspect of the Detroit drug scene is the involvement of children. Since courts are generally lenient on young offenders and the juvenile detention facilities are overcrowded, adolescents are ideal runners and street dealers. The number of juveniles arrested in Wayne County jumped from 341 in 1986 to 674 in 1987. "They are easily recruited," says Inspector Rudolfo Thomas, who

points out that a youth can make up to \$2,000 a day dealing. "There's no way to build any kind of drug-education program that can stop that."

"You walk into a classroom, and you see kids in fur coats and \$100 gym shoes," says Wayne County Sheriff Robert Ficano. "They're trying to tell their peer groups that they've succeeded." In some cases, ghetto parents do not discourage young dealers. "They just look the other way," says Juvenile Division Probate Judge Y. Gladys Barsamian. "Some of the kids say they do it because they are the breadwinners in the family."

Mayor Coleman Young announced last November that the city would step up its fight against drug dealers. "We're going to hit them and hit them hard," Young declared. He beefed up narcotics squads and ordered police to shut down at

saying that several neighbors had chipped in to buy the gasoline used to start the blaze.

Mayor Young recognizes the daunting odds against his crusade. "We have more than tripled the number of people arrested," he said last week, "but prison space hasn't tripled. We are putting an additional burden on an already overcrowded system." Young also blames the Federal Government for failing to stanch the flow of cocaine into the U.S. "We're fighting an impossible fight if our city and other cities continue to be inundated by this drug."

MIAMI. They call themselves the Shower Posse because they are known for unleashing torrents of machine-gun fire in the course of business. The Miami-based Shower gang is the largest of some 30 so-called posses across the U.S. that have

WASHINGTON: In an area known as the Graveyard, an addict shoots into his leg



least a dozen crack houses a day. Police began soliciting tips from citizens on a "dope hotline." In December and January, Detroit cops increased warrants and arrests on drug charges by 375% over the same period a year earlier. Last week a grand jury returned indictments against 22 people allegedly involved in the Chambers brothers' drug ring, an organization that at its peak, prosecutors claim, had sold up to \$3 million worth of crack a day.

Police are not the only ones striking against the dealers. Last month two overzealous Northeast residents were charged with arson after burning down a crack house in their area. Both men confessed,

been set up by illegal Jamaican aliens. With branches in New York City, Los Angeles, Chicago, Kansas City, Dallas, Washington and other large cities, the Jamaican network has come to dominate the U.S. crack trade in the past two years. Sporting such fanciful nicknames as "Tivoli Gardens," "Bushmouth" and "Superstar," the posses currently have more than 3,000 members and are growing fast.

Even by gangland standards, the Jamaican dealers are uncommonly vicious. Since the late '70s, the Jamaicans have been implicated in as many as 800 murders nationwide; an estimated 150 of those killings occurred in Miami alone.

MIAMI: A police detective awaits a patrol car after arresting a suspected crack dealer



"If a target happens to be in a group of four or five others," says Bruce Snyder of the local office of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, "too bad for the four or five others."

In a 1985 north Miami shootout, posse gunmen killed a six-year-old boy on the doorstep of an ice-cream parlor. At Fort Lauderdale's Firemen's Benevolent Hall, Jamaican gang members killed one person and wounded several others when they emptied their machine guns during a reggae dance. Since witnesses are often too terrified of retaliation to testify against the gangsters, suspected posse assassins usually escape conviction.

The Jamaicans have found a niche, along with the Colombians and Cubans, in Miami's drug trade. Unlike the South American gangsters who sell narcotics wholesale, the Jamaicans are primarily street dealers and crack-house operators. Their enterprise has proved outrageously lucrative: posesses will process a \$6,000 kilo of cocaine into crack and sell it for \$120,000.

When the posesses are in need of fresh recruits, trusted "lieutenants" are sometimes dispatched back to Jamaica's shantytowns. There the gangsters flaunt fancy cars and flash wads of cash to entice impoverished youths. In recent months Jamaican police have noticed an exodus of young men from east Kingston neighborhoods. It doesn't take a sleuth to deduce their ultimate destination.

WASHINGTON. After Vivienne McPherson's common-law husband was murdered in a shootout with rival drug dealers, she decided to take over his business. For four months she dealt crack out of her apartment at 2840 Robinson Place, in the rough southeast district. Then, in the words of a vice cop, she "messed up the money." A local Jamaican posse made her pay for the transgression. It was bad enough that McPherson, nine months pregnant, had been pumped with eight

bullets while her neighbors watched, says a federal agent. But what really sickened the lawman is that "three of the slugs had gone right through the baby."

McPherson's grisly execution last summer is part of a trend that has shocked the nation's capital. In the past two years, narcotics dealers, led by the Jamaicans, have begun to realize Washington's potential as a drug bazaar. Dealers from New York City and Miami have invaded the D.C. area, discovering a voracious demand for their supply. "An ounce of coke goes for \$800 to \$900 in New York," says John Bartlett, a vice detective in Prince Georges County, Md. "In D.C., it goes for \$1,400 to \$1,800."

The influx of drug dealers has led to an astonishing surge in drug-related violence. In 1985, 17% of Washington's 148 homicides were connected to narcotics. In 1986 the figure climbed to 33% of 197 murders. Last year's tally: 57% of 228 killings. Police estimate that in the first two months of 1988, 67% of the city's 54 homicides have been due to the local drug wars.

The new breed of D.C. drug dealer does not always kill his enemies. Consider the case of Patrick Monfiston, 20, who last Christmas Eve was found "badly burned" in a motel room in the northeast sector. "They put him in a bathtub and turned on scalding water," says an agent at the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. "As his skin was peeling off, they took turns urinating on him."

Last week the ATF redeployed 33 agents to work with D.C., Maryland and Virginia narcotics squads and U.S. Park Police officers in a regional antidrug task force. Late Thursday night, Thomas Moyer, a plainclothes sergeant with the Park Police, was cruising down Washington's Champlain Street. He pointed out two Jamaican men in hooded sweatshirts, standing guard outside a decrepit apartment building. "They're protecting everything that's going on inside," says Moyer. "You see the same thing every day. A car pulls up and two guys get out. One's got a pound of cocaine in a plastic bag. And the other one has an Uzi under his coat."

Moyer decides to check on an apartment on Robinson Place, a hideout that has been a fruitful source of confiscated drugs and weapons in the past. Just down the street is the yard where McPherson was gunned down. Moyer enters apartment 402 with his 9-mm handgun drawn. Tonight the unit is deserted. The rear window is still shattered; dealers had thrown drugs and guns through it as police banged down the door in a December raid. In that bust, cops found 184 quarter-pound bags of marijuana, five rifles and sawed-off shotguns and a healthy supply of ammunition. Moyer enters a rear bedroom and shines his flashlight into a dingy closet. On the closet wall, targets have been scrawled with a red ballpoint pen. The area around the bull's-eye is pockmarked from gunfire. Says Moyer matter-of-factly, "I looks like they've been practicing."

By Jacob V. Lamar. Reported by Cristina Garcia/Miami, B. Russell Leavitt/Detroit and Susan Schindelhette/Washington

DETROIT: Taking the law into their own hands, neighbors burned down a crack house





DODGE DAYTONA BEATS THE COMPETITION.

The Dodge Daytona challenges Ford Mustang LX Hatchback and Chevrolet Camaro Sport Coupe and wins. Priced **\$804*** less than last year, Daytona beats the competition in sticker price. But there's more to this story than price. Check out the chart below and see for yourself.

FEATURE	DODGE DAYTONA	FORD MUSTANG LX HATCHBACK	CHEVY CAMARO SPORT COUPE
'88 PRICE*	\$8,993	\$9,341	\$10,995
FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE	YES	NO	NO
CONCEALED HEADLAMPS	STANDARD	N/A	N/A
AVAILABLE TURBOCHARGING	YES	NO	NO
CARGO CAPACITY	17 cu. ft.	11 cu. ft.	12 cu. ft.
REAR DEFROSTER	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	EXTRA COST
SPORT RATIO POWER STEERING	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	STANDARD
ALL STAINLESS STEEL EXHAUST	STANDARD	N/A	N/A
REAR STABILIZER BAR	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	STANDARD
ELECTRONIC MESSAGE CENTER	STANDARD	N/A	N/A
STANDARD POWERTRAIN WARRANTY**	7 YEARS OR 70,000 MILES	6 YEARS OR 60,000 MILES	6 YEARS OR 60,000 MILES

\$346 LESS THAN MUSTANG LX HATCHBACK.*

\$2,000 LESS THAN CAMARO SPORT COUPE.*

Plus, Daytona comes well-equipped with many other standard features, such as:

- 5-speed close-ratio manual transmission
- AM stereo/FM stereo radio
- Power brakes
- Aerostyled wheels
- Full length console
- Tinted glass

FOR JUST \$161.30 PER MONTH YOU CAN LEASE A DODGE DAYTONA THROUGH THE GOLD KEY LEASING PLAN†



IT'S GOTTA BE A DODGE.

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

*Based on sticker prices excluding tax & destination charges comparison. Standard equipment levels vary. **See 2/88 powertrain limited warranty & restrictions at dealer. †\$161.30 per month for 48 months (total of \$7,782.40) plus tax and \$1,000 down, with obligation to buy based on sticker price and lessee's agreement to meet program. Lessee pays for excess wear and tear and mileage. \$175 refundable security deposit. 1st month's payment, finance & tax charges advance. Ask for details.

BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY

A Day in the Life of a Political Machine

For "Timberwolf," some jambalaya and catfish—and stops in five states



Cold coffee. Last-minute plans. Calls that are not made and many that are not answered. Primary campaigns are usually studies in tension, turmoil, trial and error. Not George Bush's campaign. The Vice President, more than any other contender in either party, has an organization that functions like a finely tuned machine. The campaign is always a reflection of the candidate, but sometimes the candidate seems to be no more than the end product of an enormously intricate mechanism.

Last week the Bush machine was concentrating on the South, and especially on South Carolina, where Saturday's primary served as an all-important prologue to Super Tuesday. In the end, it paid off: Bush won South Carolina handily, with 48% of the votes, compared with 21% for Bob Dole and 19% for Pat Robertson.

The soul of a political machine can be analyzed best through a glimpse of its parts, both grand and trivial. What follows is one day—Wednesday, March 2—in the life of the Bush campaign.

6:12 a.m., Biloxi, Miss. The pre-dawn fog creeps across the Hilton hotel parking lot where a dozen perky volunteers gather to prepare for the Vice President's visit that afternoon. Scott Walker, 22, who has taken a semester off from the University of Central Florida, leads a group that will plant another 100 BUSH FOR PRESIDENT signs along Highway 90. The others head for the the Mississippi Coast Coliseum to inflate 1,000 red, white and blue helium balloons. They work in the men's bathroom, where the ceiling is low enough to allow the balloons to float within reach. Logistics are controlled by Washington: the balloons have been sent down to Biloxi by Federal Express.

6:20 a.m., New York City. Roger Ailes, the Bush campaign's \$25,000-a-month media consultant, winds down at home from an all-night session at his office, where he has been polishing two Bush television ads. One touts Bush's record, the other attacks Dole for supporting the national commission on the deficit, which the ad charges was proposed by Mario Cuomo, the "liberal Democratic Governor of New York." An Ailes assistant copies the ads and sends them by messenger to Pollster

Robert Teeter and to campaign headquarters in Washington.

6:35 a.m., Columbia, S.C. From his 14th-floor room in the Radisson Hotel, Campaign Manager Lee Atwater, wearing a shaggy white sweater, surveys six different newspapers to prepare for his morning staff meeting.

THE BUSH JUGGERNAUT



Staking a claim on the long road



Bush, Teetley and Fuller on Air Force Two



The South rises again for Bush in Mobile

6:45 a.m., Tampa. Craig Fuller, Bush's smooth and efficient White House chief of staff, knocks on the door of the Vice President's suite at the Sheraton Grand Hotel. Bush, who has been up for 45 minutes, is eating a breakfast of cereal, fruit and yogurt. Fuller provides the latest breakdown from Tuesday's nonbinding Vermont primary (Bush has beaten Dole 49% to 39%) and then runs through the themes to be stressed during the five-state swing today:

strong defense and "stability." Each day the campaign carefully focuses its message on a simple idea. Fuller reminds Bush to avoid mentioning Dole or Robertson by name but to reaffirm the stability factor, a subtle contrast to Dole's supposed short fuse and Robertson's wild charges.

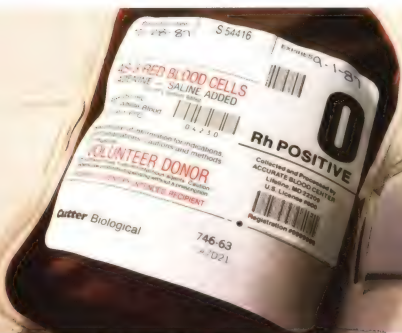
The Bush organization operates more like a board of directors than a classic pyramid, with each member having relatively equal access to the Vice President. The inner sanctum: Fuller, Campaign Manager Atwater, Media Consultant Ailes, Pollster Teeter, Communications Director Pete Teetley and Deputy Campaign Manager Rich Bond.

7 a.m., Tampa. Tim McBride, Bush's personal aide, hands him the telephone for a five-minute live interview on the Oklahoma radio network. Since New Hampshire, Teetley has ordered at least two such interviews each morning for drive-time radio in markets where Bush cannot appear in person.

7:25 a.m., Columbia. Three brown phones and three white ones are forever ringing in Atwater's room at the Radisson. Scanning the Charlotte Observer, he tells New Hampshire Governor John Sununu, "I want you to come down to Houston. Things start happening in the last ten days." After hanging up, Atwater, in his rat-a-tat South Carolina accent, explains, "We have blended the national campaign with the state campaign here."

7:40 a.m., Tampa. Bush enters the first of five black Cadillac limousines flown in the day before by Air Force C-130 cargo planes. Morning traffic is never a bother for the Bush campaign: with radios cackling about the movements of "Timberwolf," Bush's code name, the Secret Service and the state police block all intersections along the way. Although Iowans were unimpressed with the trappings of incumbency, Southerners seem to cotton to such pomp and circumstance.

*The difference between saving a life
and threatening it.*



It started out as a trip across town. Suddenly, you're in an ambulance racing to the hospital. It's an emergency. A matter of life and death. You've lost blood. The doctors tell you that you're going to need a transfusion. Now, you're really scared.

The AIDS virus has changed the way we think about transfusions. It's made us cautious. What hasn't changed is the importance of the

transfusion to our medical procedures. It's vital.

Which is why DuPont worked to create a highly accurate method of testing to help protect the nation's blood supply from the deadly AIDS virus.

Today, that testing system serves over 1,200 hospitals in more than 20 states, helping millions of people feel more secure that the blood they may one day need to live won't be hazardous to their health.

This achievement, the dedication of the people who created it, and the urgency with which they worked indicate DuPont's commitment to maintain confidence in our nation's blood supply.

At DuPont, we make the things that make a difference.

Better things for better living.



Flavor.

Let's not beat around the bush. Flavor is what Merit's all about. Real, satisfying flavor. Take-a-puff, rewarding, down-to-your-toes flavor. It's what you love about smoking. It's what you get from Merit. And because of Enriched Flavor,[™] Merit delivers all this taste with even less tar than other leading lights. If that sounds like your kind of cigarette, just say the word.

Enriched Flavor,[™] low tar. A solution with Merit.



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

7:45 a.m., Gulfport, Miss. Jim Vandenberg, manager of the Catfish Shak restaurant, pours the last quart of pickle relish into the industrial-size tub of tartar sauce for the catfish fry later that morning in Biloxi. The Bush campaign originally wanted a crayfish boil, but wiser heads counseled that catfish are a Louisiana dish; catfish are regarded as Mississippiian.

8:05 a.m., Clearwater, Fla. The cavernous dining room of Las Fontanas can seat 500, but it is only half-filled for the senior citizen breakfast. More than half of those present are glossy yuppie types rather than silver-haired pensioners. "Where the #!#! are the seniors?" Teeley mutters. Bush's speech meanders. His claim that the medical and financial condition of senior citizens has improved evokes no response. But when Bush says, "I'm talking about stability, who'll be stable in a crisis," the audience perks up.

8:42 a.m., Clearwater, Fla. For 45 minutes after breakfast, Bush does several interviews with the three Tampa-St. Petersburg network affiliates in a back room at the restaurant. The campaign's goal is to get as many images on as many local stations as possible. Bush looks each interviewer in the eye, as he has been coached by Ailes to do. His aides smile as Bush keeps mentioning "stability." "Dole acted like talking to us was a chore," notes Diane Perner of WFLA. "But the Vice President was relaxed and obviously very interested."

9:28 a.m., Columbia. At a campaign staff meeting, Atwater tells the eight others present, "First and foremost, things went great in Vermont yesterday. This will give us a good head of steam... What's today?" Campaign Aide Warren Tompkins: "Jeb Bush at 3:30 at the Veterans Memorial. The Governor will be in Greenville attacking Dole's textile votes." Atwater: "I'd do it in Spartanburg." Press Aide Barbara Pardue suggests that since Pat Robertson was endorsed the previous day by Cowboy Roy Rogers, the Bush campaign should seek a rival endorsement from the Lone Ranger. Laughter.

9:50 a.m., St. Petersburg-Clearwater International Airport. Air Force Two lifts off exactly on schedule. On board with Bush are 18 aides, 15 Secret Service agents and three reporters. The Vice President sits in a swivel chair in the front cabin with former Secretary of the Navy John Lehman, Lehman, champion of the 600-ship Navy, is Bush's heavyweight sidekick for the day (yesterday it was Barry Goldwater). When Lehman mentions that Michael Dukakis advocates saving \$18 billion by eliminating two carrier task forces, Teeley, who has been sitting in on the conversation, immediately sees it as the perfect item to highlight Bush's speech at the In-



Phoning for dollars in Washington



The best place to store balloons



Atwater in Greenville; Bond in D.C.



One way to skin a catfish

galls shipyard in Pascagoula, Miss. Teeley urges Bush to add a new note card for his speech. Bush agrees and Teeley drafts four new sentences, based on Lehman's unchecked assertion.

10:08 a.m., Baton Rouge, La. A van from Fred Heroman's flower shop arrives at the Louisiana State University Assembly Center, bringing Spanish moss to complete the Cajun backdrop for the Vice President's speech at the jambalaya rally.

10:35 a.m., Mobile. Among those greeting Bush at the airport is a bevy of Azalea Trail maids in phosphorescent Scarlett O'Hara crinolines. One reporter wonders whether the Secret Service has checked under the hoopskirts: "You could hide a Stinger missile in there." Bruce Zanca, a Bush advance man, uses a ramp phone resting on the runway to call Air Force Two. The telephone is one of the 101 special phone lines that will be installed for the Bush entourage that day at Government expense.

10:39 a.m., Columbia. Atwater saunters into Governor Carroll Campbell's office for a strategy session about Bush's media campaign. The Governor is Bush's Southern campaign chairman. Campbell: "Now don't forget those small rural stations with UHF and the small cable stations. And put in five minutes of the Campbell endorsement and the Bush spot on those Christian stations."

12:20 p.m., Pascagoula, Miss. With Lehman at his side during a visit to the Ingalls shipyard, Bush waves stiffly from a platform in front of a new amphibious assault ship, the U.S.S. *Wasp*. To a crowd of men in hard hats, Bush vigorously advocates a strong military and then launches his hastily scripted attack on Michael Dukakis. For the first time all day, the national press takes

notice: Bush must be so confident that he is looking ahead to the general election. Bush's understated comparison of himself with Dole and Robertson (he again mentions "stability") gets lost in the static.

1:15 p.m., Biloxi. The Bush entourage is running an atypical 15 minutes late. The weather is oyster-gray, and the turnout at the Mississippi Coast Coliseum is only fair. Dozens of Bush signs provided by the campaign lie unused on the ground. Some campaign officials wanted to stage the rally indoors, but Lanny Griffith, the Southern coordinator, insisted on palm trees and the gulf as the appropriate TV backdrop. Bush has only an outline to speak from, and his off-the-cuff remarks are off the mark: "I know I have the commitment of the innate honesty and decency of the United States."

1:50 p.m., Biloxi. Before the local media interviews, Teeley takes Bush aside and whispers Dole campaign gossip: Brock and Dole are rumored to be not speaking.

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HOW WELL DOES YOUR CAR

What you see here is exactly what you think you see here. A Volvo supporting the entire weight of a six and three-quarter ton truck.



STAND UP TO HEAVY TRAFFIC?

We sincerely hope you never find yourself in a predicament like this. But if you do, we sincerely hope you're in a Volvo.

VOLVO

A car you can believe in.

Bush frowns. "Well, I guess we should just keep plugging ahead on the high road," Bush says. "I know that's going to be tough for you, Pete," he adds kiddingly, and then slugs Teeley on the arm. The first question at the local press conference is from a blond local TV reporter in black Reeboks: "Mr. Vice President, how do you stay in such great shape?"

2:30 p.m., Baton Rouge. An elephant costume sent from the National Federation of Republican Women has just arrived. They want a college student to put it on and escort Bush to the podium. Christy Casteel, Bush's Louisiana campaign director, needs to clear the costume with the Secret Service, but there is not enough time to do so before Bush's arrival.

2:45 p.m., aboard Air Force Two. The Vice President's plane is less a floating palace than a flying Motel 6—frayed brown seats, rickety mustard-yellow baggage racks. Bush and staff munch on popcorn and the Vice President's favorite snack food: fried pork rinds with Tabasco sauce. On the ritzier press plane, reporters dine on whitefish, smoked salmon and crabmeat.

3:55 p.m., Baton Rouge. Bush has an hour of downtime at the Ramada Hotel near L.S.U. Doffing his jacket, he phones Atwater in South Carolina. Atwater says reporters are asking lots of questions about the Dukakis statement. It seems that while Dukakis did say he would cancel two new carriers, he added that he would not scrap any already afloat. Teeley is dispatched to gather the facts and smooth things over. Atwater also tells Bush that Dole has promised a "major announcement" for the next day. Bush: "What is that all about, do we have any idea?" Atwater doesn't. (It turns out to be an endorsement from Jeane Kirkpatrick.)

Bush asks Atwater about two Dole ads that attack Bush for waffling on taxes and leaving no marks in the jobs he has held: "Is he running the waffle ad? Any idea why he ran that snow-print ad in Florida of all places?" Bush is pleased and relaxed. Things are going well. He turns to Fuller and says, "I wish the sand were running through the hourglass faster because everything feels real solid right now." Bush heads into the room next door and pedals a stationary bicycle for 20 minutes while watching CNN.

5:12 p.m., Baton Rouge. Two thousand people gather on the floor of L.S.U. Assembly Center, where the Fighting Tigers play basketball. The scoreboard reads DOLE: 0 BUSH: 88. Bush's talent for tortured syntax and mixed clichés comes through when he says, "I'm disturbed when Congress pulls the plug out from under the *contras*." But he is having a good



Video room at Washington headquarters



A wave for cameras even without a crowd



A volunteer shoulders signs of the times

time—as is the crowd—and he dons a "Bushbackers '88" apron to serve platefuls of jambalaya to the faithful.

5:37 p.m., Baton Rouge. Teeley and Fuller huddle about Dole's suggestions that Panama's General Noriega received millions from the CIA while Bush was director. Teeley then calls an impromptu press conference and says to the assembled reporters, "It sounds like we're in a campaign with Lyndon Larouche." The starved national reporters scribble furiously. Finally, they have something as spicy as the jambalaya. But neither Fuller nor Teeley has a chance to discuss with Bush how he should respond to Dole's insinuations. "I can handle it," says Bush as he heads for a local TV interview. "I find it amazing that a U.S. Senator would talk about CIA matters," he tells one interview-

er. "There are proper channels to discuss CIA operations, and a political campaign is not one of them." Teeley to Fuller: "Can't improve on that answer."

6:25 p.m., Baton Rouge. A White House communications aide tells Fuller that "somebody is trying to contact Timberwolf." Barbara Bush is using five minutes of free time after a campaign stop in Meridian, Miss., to reach her husband. Bush is still in the post-jambalaya press conference for the local media and can't get to the phone.

7:20 p.m., Air Force Two en route to Greenville, S.C. The day's campaign revels are ended. Bush orders a vodka martini with two olives. When a photographer wanders in, an aide whisks away the glass. "We live in a world of images," Bush sighs.

8:30 p.m., Air Force Two. Bush confers with Fuller and Teeley, who report the latest from Atwater and Teeter. Fuller says the trip to Orlando has been dropped. "The numbers are too good," he says. Bush is disappointed. "We were going to work out with the Astros," he says. "I was going to show 'em my behind-the-back catch." When business is done, Bush leans back and reflects on his organization. "Nobody is in absolute charge of anything, everybody works together and knows they have to get a consensus. If there's a problem between people, I straighten it out. I guess a business school wouldn't design it that way, but my standard is: Does it work or not? It works for me."

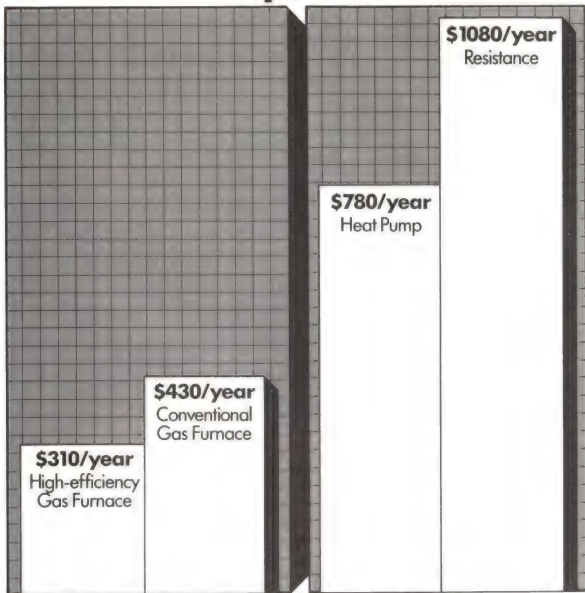
9:50 p.m., Greenville. Governor Campbell meets Bush at the airport and rides with him to his hotel.

11:45 p.m., Greenville. Teeter and Fuller discuss media buys and travel arrangements. Their plans are predicated on Dole's Robertson is rarely mentioned, Kemp not at all. Teeter has learned that day about Dole's media plans. "He's buying the living hell out of North Carolina. He committed for \$334,000 in the last two days alone." Teeter reports on their own buys: "We bought Columbia-Jefferson City today and upped our buy a little bit in St. Louis. We're only going comparative in South Carolina so far." (In their parlance, Dole's ads are negative; Bush's are "comparative.")

The discussion turns to Sunday. "The question is," says Teeter. "Should we do two stops in the South and a big event in St. Louis Sunday night? Or should we pull out all the stops, take it to [Dole] and do four big stops in Missouri on Sunday?" Teeter says there is heavy pressure from Illinois to appear there right after Super Tuesday. The two men smile ruefully; neither wants to make a firm commitment that far ahead.

—By Richard Stengel, Reported by David Beckwith with Bush, Dan Goodgame/Billio and Joseph J. Kane/Greenville

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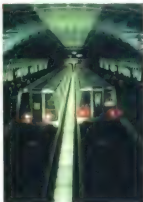
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American Notes



LOS ANGELES The site for a designer derrick



PROTECTIONISM Bid goodbye



UNIVERSITIES Lambda Delta Lambda sisters

ABORTION

No Longer Unspeakable

In its crusade to protect the unborn, the Reagan Administration planned to forbid federally funded family-planning clinics to even mention abortion to women seeking their services. The restriction, which was to take effect March 3, would have affected 4,000 clinics and 4.3 million patients a year. Last week, however, a federal judge in Boston ruled that the guidelines were unconstitutional and could not be enforced anywhere in the U.S.

"The regulations are specifically designed to suppress speech, and particularly directed at the suppression of one viewpoint," wrote U.S. District Judge Walter Jay Skinner. "They run directly contrary to the dictates of the First Amendment." The Administration has not decided whether to appeal the decision.

UNIVERSITIES

UCLA's Gay Sisterhood

Add a new sorority to the roster of campus Greeks: Lambda Delta Lambda, a nine-member lesbian group that received official sanction from UCLA last month as the first official gay sorority in the nation. The

UCLA decision allows the sorority to meet on campus—Lambda Delta Lambda does not have the money for a residence—and to apply for student funds, but requires the organization to be open to all women. The members plan to volunteer in local charities such as a gay-lesbian support group for high school students. Said Lambda's Krisi Burk: "We're trying to get away from the status, money, good-looks preoccupation."

LOS ANGELES

A Derrick by The Beach

Ensclosed in their aeries overlooking Santa Monica Beach, the residents of Pacific Palisades sit atop 60 million bbl. of oil. Occidental Petroleum had fought for 18 years to get at the oil, while environmentalists battled the company in court, warning of the risk of earthquakes throughout the Malibu area. The no-drilling battle cry was taken up by celebrities such as Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett. Last month, however, the California Supreme Court finally allowed Occidental to begin drilling at the base of a 225-ft. cliff next to the Pacific Coast Highway.

The 155-ft.-high derrick that Occidental plans to build will bear little resemblance to 17 other rigs in Los Angeles. Replete with white stucco and red Mexican tile, it will be dis-

guised as a Spanish bell tower. Still, opponents are circulating petitions for a ballot initiative to prohibit drilling within 1,000 feet of the coast.

PROTECTIONISM

Japanese Need Not Apply

The price of protectionism went up in Washington last week. The Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Authority threw out all bids for construction of an extension to the city subway system after the low bidder turned out to be a 70%-30% joint venture of Kiewit Construction of Omaha and Kajima Engineering & Construction of Japan. The Metro acted to conform with the Murkowski-Brooks amendment, which was passed by Congress last December and bans Japanese firms from federally funded public works projects. The provision was designed to force the Japanese to open their domestic construction market to Americans.

Kiewit-Kajima had come in with a \$49.2 million bid, under Metro's own \$50.9 estimated cost for the job, and well below the \$51.5 bid from the nearest competitor. Metro officials will readvertise the contract, and expect to award it within two months. With an eye on current U.S.-Japanese negotiations over the construction issue, Republican Senator Frank Murkowski of Alaska,

co-author of the amendment, said, "I cannot imagine a better signal to send to the Japanese." And to American taxpayers.

TELEVISION

Those Old Familiar Faces

How can a newscast boost its ratings? Television stations in the West think they have found the answer: hire a high-profile, retired politician.

The trend started last month when sister stations KGO-TV in San Francisco and KABC-TV in Los Angeles hired former California Chief Justice Rose Bird to do twice-weekly commentaries for their evening newscasts. Bird, who was voted off the bench in 1986, made a shaky debut when she delivered a commentary in rhyme on the World War II internment of Japanese Americans. KGO then added former San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein, out of office just two months, as an occasional analyst. Her first topic: the Bay City's budget deficit, and why it is not her fault.

In Denver, former Colorado Governor Richard Lamm made his debut on KMGH-TV. Once known as "Governor Gloom" for his apocalyptic views, Lamm offers twice-weekly, three-minute commentaries. Says he: "I love a platform. It's not a lot of money, but it is a lot of fun."

World



Cultural roots: demonstrators in Yerevan surround the statue of a popular native composer

SOVIET UNION

The Armenian Challenge

Gorbachev tries to defuse ethnic clashes

The first official reports spoke of "rampage and violence" caused by "hooligans." As sensational rumors reverberated around the country, a Soviet government spokesman admitted to "certain injuries" and even "several" deaths in the southwestern city of Sumgait. The full extent of the carnage was only revealed at week's end, when an anchorman of the national television newscast *Vremya* read a four-paragraph TASS dispatch in a somber voice. "Criminal elements committed violent actions and engaged in robberies," he reported. "They killed 31 people, among them members of various nationalities, old men and women."

The rioting in Sumgait, an industrial center in the Soviet republic of Azerbaijan, was one of the worst known cases of ethnic disorder in Soviet history. Coming after two weeks of nationalist unrest in two southern republics, it confronted Communist Party Leader Mikhail Gorbachev with a problem that is not likely to go away and could blossom into the most serious political crisis of his three years in power.

The violence erupted in the wake of nine days of demonstrations in neighbor-

ing Armenia. By promising to examine local grievances, Gorbachev had managed to calm protests involving hundreds of thousands of marchers in the Armenian capital of Yerevan. But marches were reportedly continuing in Nagorno-Karabakh, an autonomous district that is mainly populated by Armenians but lies within the borders of the Azerbaijan republic. Protests demanding the enclave's annexation by the Armenian republic led to violent clashes between Armenians and Azerbaijanis and, finally, to last week's bloody upheaval in Sumgait.

The explosive complexity of those southern disturbances highlighted the difficulties of controlling a vast empire comprising more than 100 distinct nationalities and ethnic groups living in 15 republics. Russia's rulers have been dealing with restive nationalities since the days of the Czars, but rarely has the problem assumed such urgency. At least two people died 15 months ago, when riots broke out in Alma-Ata, capital of Kazakhstan, to protest the naming of a Russian to head the local Communist Party. A band of Crimean Tatars demonstrated in Red Square last July, seeking the right to return to their homeland on the Black

Sea; a smaller group briefly pressed the same demand near Moscow's Lenin Library last week until they were hustled away by plainclothes police. In August and again last month, demonstrators in the Baltic republics commemorated their brief independence between the two world wars. Faced with this surge in nationalist sentiment, Gorbachev has called for a special Central Committee session to deal with the issue.

The roots of the latest disturbances go back to 1923, when the mountainous Nagorno-Karabakh region, 75% of whose population is ethnic Armenian, was included in the Soviet republic of Azerbaijan. Since then, the enclave's mostly Christian Armenians, complaining of discrimination by the Muslim majority in Azerbaijan, have sought a union with the Armenian republic. Last month officials of the Armenian republic petitioned Moscow to allow it to annex the territory. Moscow's refusal touched off protests in Nagorno-Karabakh that spread to Yerevan.

For nine days, hundreds of thousands of demonstrators jammed the square in front of Yerevan's opera house, chanting "Karabakh," singing patriotic songs and





WECO—RCA

holding banners bearing such inscriptions as SELF-DETERMINATION IS NOT EXTREMISM. Police did not interfere with the protests, and Soviet army troops maintained a low profile, but the implicit threat of a crackdown mounted with each passing day.

Gorbachev, meanwhile, was striving for a peaceful solution. After sending four top-level troubleshooters to the region and issuing a public plea for restraint, the Soviet leader met secretly in the Kremlin with two well-known Armenian writers, Zori Balyan and Silva Kaputikyan. Gorbachev promised them that he would personally study the Armenian demands. As soon as that message was relayed to Yerevan, the protest leaders agreed to suspend the demonstrations for one month. In Nagorno-Karabakh, however, at least 20 Azerbaijani youths were killed in clashes with Armenians.

It was apparently the news of those casualties that sparked last week's rioting in Sumgait (pop. 223,000), situated about 20 miles north of the Azerbaijani capital of Baku. According to a local television worker reached by telephone, the trouble started when a group of some 50 Azerbaijanis arrived in Sumgait from Nagorno-

Karabakh bearing word of ethnic fighting there. The apparent result was a murderous backlash aimed at local Armenians. An Armenian resident of Sumgait, sobbing into the telephone, told Reuters that Azerbaijanis had gone on a rampage of rape and murder against Armenians. He said that seven members of a single family had been killed and that many Armenians were trying to flee the city. At midweek a government spokesman reported that Soviet troops had managed to "normalize the situation" by arresting rioters and imposing an 8 p.m.-to-7 a.m. curfew.

The Azerbaijani-Armenian clashes apparently stemmed more from centuries of bitter ethnic rivalries than from separatist urges. Says a senior Western diplomat in Moscow: "I think it would be a mistake to consider them a challenge to Soviet rule as such, or to a socialist system." Nonetheless, the turmoil has once again shattered the ritual claim that Communist "internationalism" and "Soviet patriotism" have overcome the primitive instincts of nationalism.

While Moscow is in no imminent danger of losing control over its non-Russian nationalities, the problem is likely to become more critical in the future. Today

An issue that will not go away: protesters in the Armenian capital stand vigil before the local Communist Party headquarters to demand the return of a disputed enclave

ethnic Russians constitute about 51% of the Soviet Union's 285 million population. That proportion will shrink to 48% by the year 2000 and to only 40% by 2050, mainly because of the high birthrate of the Muslim populations of Central Asia. Russian domination will become increasingly hard to maintain.

Gorbachev's reforms are a more immediate factor threatening Moscow's control. Western experts on the Soviet Union generally agree that his policies of economic restructuring (*perestroika*) and political openness (*glasnost*) are feeding the centrifugal forces of nationalism. "If Gorbachev wants to do something, he has to carry out *perestroika*," says French Sovietologist Hélène Carrère d'Encausse. "But he can't do it without letting people express themselves. This leaves the door open to air all their frustrations, and the easiest ones to express are national frustrations."

Gorbachev's anticorruption drive, moreover, tends to hit hardest in those republics whose quasi-feudal party lead-

World

ership has traditionally operated on a basis of bribery, kickbacks and influence peddling. Such leaders, in turn, may seek to whip up nationalist resentments against Moscow to protect their own positions.

At best, the uprisings in Armenia and Azerbaijan are an embarrassment for Gorbachev; at worst, they could prove fatal to him. Party conservatives are almost certain to turn the ethnic unrest into an argument against further liberalization. "What is the implication in these riots for Gorbachev?" asks Marshall Goldman, associate director of Harvard's Russian Research Center. "The implication is disaster. After 70 years of repression, it is not so easy to accomplish what he wants, and this will be a black mark against him by Russian nationalists and traditional centralists."

Others take a less gloomy view of the Soviet leader's position. "Gorbachev should be encouraged that the Armenian demonstrations are not anti-Soviet or even anti-Russian," argues Columbia University Sovietologist Jonathan Sanders. "As a political actor he has shown a very astute response." Stephen Cohen, a professor of politics at Princeton, notes that "Gorbachev himself has seen something like this coming and has been ready for it." He adds, "Gorbachev has already explained that everything he is doing represents a diminishing state control and unleashing the unpredictable. Nobody can know what will happen."

Much depends, obviously, on how the present crisis is resolved. Gorbachev has won a month's breathing space, but the Armenians may take to the streets again if he doesn't grant them some concessions. It is doubtful that Gorbachev will agree to redraw the boundaries, which would only encourage similar demands by other nationalities. Nor, if he can help it, is he likely to resort to a military crackdown that would tarnish his reform image at home and abroad. Perhaps his greatest advantage is that the Armenian people remain relatively loyal to the Soviet Union and seem to trust him personally.

When Gorbachev came to power, he showed little interest in the nationalities problem and focused all his energies on the economy. "Gorbachev doesn't care about nationalities," observed a Western diplomat in Moscow. "He only cares about who works most efficiently." Yet events seem to have thrust the issue upon his attention—with a vengeance. He devoted a lengthy passage to the subject in his 1987 book *Perestroika*, vowing "not to shun this or other problems which may crop up." By last month he was calling nationalism the "most fundamental, vital issue of our society." And in the wake of last week's violence, he had to realize that it was becoming one of the greatest challenges to his own leadership.

—By Thomas A. Sanction.
Reported by James O. Jackson and Ken Olsen/Moscow



With chants and banners, Yerevan marchers call for self-determination



Peaceful coexistence: as police hold up traffic, crowds surge through the city streets



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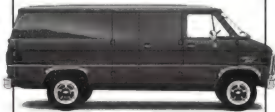
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World



Rock-throwing Palestinian youths in the West Bank last week: Will the U.S. plan cool their anger?

MIDDLE EAST

Let the Chess Game Begin

Shultz makes his move with a formal peace plan

Despite his reputation as a plodding and phlegmatic diplomat, Secretary of State George Shultz does not lack for energy. His wanderings over the past two weeks in search of a Middle East peace have taken him to Jerusalem, Amman, Damascus, Cairo and London, where Jordan's King Hussein met with him between bouts of dental surgery. After two days of NATO summitry in Brussels, the Shultz shuttle, with Ronald Reagan's blessing, rumbled back to London before heading to the Middle East again. Said an elated senior diplomat aboard Shultz's plane: "It's the only game in town."

The game, however, is as complex as a grand-master chess tournament, and by the end of the trip Shultz had made his boldest move yet: offering the players the first U.S.-sponsored peace plan since 1982. He presented a proposal that calls for final talks to begin by year's end, on a permanent solution to the Palestinian question. While many predicted Shultz's scheme would quickly be checkmated, the Secretary said, "There is a readiness to work to change things that should be taken advantage of by everybody. The moment can be lost."

Shultz's blueprint has three parts: an international "event" in April to inaugurate the peace process; talks between Israel and a Jordanian-Palestinian delegation beginning in May to arrange for elections and a degree of self-rule in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip; negotiations starting in December for final disposition of all occupied territories, including the Golan Heights and East Jerusalem, which Israel has annexed. Shultz, who presented the plan to Israel, Jordan, Egypt and Syria, wants at least a positive sign of interest from all four countries by

next week, when Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir is scheduled to visit Washington.

A unanimous "yes," however, is highly unlikely. In more than nine hours of talks with Shultz, Shamir stubbornly stuck to his position that he will never exchange territory for peace. But with some reluctance the Prime Minister did agree to an international conference, provided that it is purely ceremonial, a condition the Arabs may find difficult to accept. The Arabs, in the meantime, were creating their own complications. The angry Palestinians who have led the uprising in the occupied territories have not only heeded the Palestine Liberation Organization and refused to meet with Shultz, but also now balk at being made part of a joint Jordanian-Palestinian delegation, a formula that dates back to 1985.

Meanwhile, blood continued to be spilled in the West Bank and Gaza Strip, where at least six more Palestinian deaths were reported. Though the violence is three months old, Israeli TV viewers were shocked last week when the state-owned station ran footage of four soldiers savagely beating two bound Palestinians. The segment, filmed by a CBS crew and shown on U.S. television two weeks ago, was heavily edited, but the clips were still more graphic than Israelis are accustomed to seeing.

Faced with the flood of negative publicity, the Cabinet was seriously considering a simplistic solution last week: ban the press from the occupied territories. In fact, when violence erupted after the noon Muslim prayers Friday, authorities did close parts of the West Bank to reporters.

—By Michael S. Serrill

Reported by Dean Fischer/Amman and Bruce van Voorst/Jerusalem

SOUTH AFRICA

Right of Way

A white backlash gathers force

Only two seats were at stake in last week's all-white ballot for the South African Parliament, but the outcome sent shock waves through the nation. The big winner in the Transvaal provincial by-election was the ultra-right Conservative Party, which strengthened its grip on both rural seats by attacking every concession State President P.W. Botha has made in recent years to South Africa's blacks.

Though the outcome scarcely threatened Botha's control of Parliament, where his National Party holds 133 seats, vs. 22 for the Conservatives, it signaled a gathering white backlash. The extremists want to force all blacks to become citizens of tribal homelands, rather than of South Africa, and would reinstate the infamous pass laws that until two years ago determined where blacks could live and work. They also want to abolish the four-year-old tricameral system that permits Asians and people of mixed race to sit in Parliament, and seek to restore the ban on interracial marriage, repealed in 1985.

As the by-elections approached, Botha went out of his way to appeal to right-wing voters. Last month he banned 17 anti-apartheid groups, including the United Democratic Front, an antigovernment umbrella group with some 2 million members. Just two days before the election, Cape Town police arrested Anglican Archbishop Desmond Tutu, two dozen other churchmen and more than 100 parishioners as they marched from St. George's Cathedral to Parliament to protest the ban. Yet when the Afrikaner Resistance Movement, an extreme-right group that advocates an all-white South Africa, marched in Pretoria two weeks ago clad in brown shirts and carrying Nazi-like banners, police simply stood by.

The government further tightened the noose around opponents by introducing a bill last week that would prevent anti-apartheid organizations from receiving foreign funds. Pretoria also informed the South African Council of Churches that it had committed "a criminal offense" by refusing to submit its monthly journal for review.

Botha called the Transvaal vote a "temporary disappointment," blaming it on "foreign interference." He has reason to worry. The next parliamentary elections are scheduled for 1989, and if last week's results were any indication, it is no longer inconceivable that victory would go to a right-wing opposition that makes Botha's Nationalists look moderate. ■



Desmond Tutu



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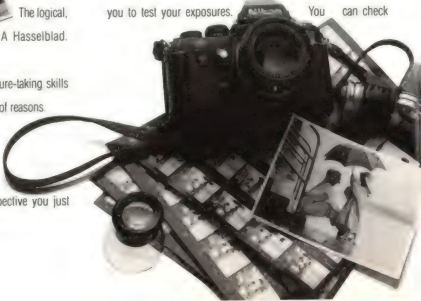
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Personal success is not national success: the President, above, is still tremendously popular, but areas like Happy Land, left, remain places of aching poverty and little hope

THE PHILIPPINES

Where Life Is Balanced on Stilts

Two years later, Aquino's People Power revolution is on hold

Not far from the creek named Scorched Lime in the northern slums of Manila lies a settlement called Happy Land. The name notwithstanding, Happy Land is neither happy nor on land. A collection of lean-tos patched together from plastic, cardboard, plywood and scrap metal, Happy Land is built on stilts above the black waters of a sewage canal. Flies buzz around empty tin cans and wastepaper in the water below, as Happy Landers catwalk across the planks that lead from shack to shack. Inside cramped quarters, men play cards or sleep on chairs padded with rags; women boil rice on mottled clay stoves. Everywhere children frolic, playing tag and splashing around where the stream empties into Manila Bay.

Less than ten miles to the south, in the suburb of Parañaque, stand the stately mansions of the Plazas of Dignity. It is a serene place, which should come as no surprise, since all the residents are dead. The plazas are part of Manila Memorial Park, a cemetery for the privileged. While President Corason Aquino's late husband Benigno, assassinated in 1983, rests in a simple tomb, other graves are grandiose: white sepulchers within marble pavilions, furnished with altars and windowed with stained glass. Some even provide bathrooms and beds for mourners.

Filipinos celebrated the second anniversary last month of the uprising they call the People Power revolution. But little of a revolutionary nature has occurred in the two years since the overthrow of Ferdinand Marcos. Even as more parkland is being cleared for the well-heeled dead, life continues to balance on stilts over the brackish waters of Happy Land.

a place of aching poverty and little hope.

Aquino has even struck an accommodating tone toward Marcos, who dearly wishes to return to the Philippines from his exile in Hawaii and has stopped threatening to overthrow the government. Several weeks ago, Aquino dispatched two of her relatives to meet with him. Last week she made it clear that before Marcos would be allowed to re-enter the country, he would have to return the billions of dollars he allegedly stole from the treasury. Though negotiations are still under way and an imminent Marcos homecoming is unlikely, many Aquino supporters are chagrined by the President's willingness to countenance her enemy's return. Wrote Columnist Letty Jimenez-Magsanoc in the *Philippine Daily Inquirer*: "Has Cory Aquino been lured away... by the promise of dollars and cents? Say it isn't so."

Despite several coup attempts and continuing political uncertainty, Aquino remains ensconced in Malacañang Palace and has developed a firmer grip on power. Yet her supporters are not convinced that the President will be able to correct longstanding social inequities or steer the Philippines out of moral drift. "Merely staying in power without changing anything is retrogression in itself," Historian Renato Constantino recently wrote in the *Philippine Daily Globe*. "Personal success is not synonymous with national success."

A telling example of the general imperviousness to change is provided by Manila and the cities and towns that form the capital's metropolitan area. The wealthy still inhabit the luxurious villas of suburban Forbes Park and Urdaneta Vil-

lage, play golf at the Wack Wack Golf and Country Club and send their children to expensive private colleges in the U.S. Though the economy is showing some signs of revival, little has trickled down. For the poor, opportunities to advance remain constricted. Asked what he hoped to be when he grew up, a street urchin turned pensive before saying "Driver."

The shanties of the poor flourish on sidewalks, beneath bridges, in alleys and in such slums as Happy Land and a neighboring district known as Aroma Beach, a malodorous seaside squatters' camp. From Happy Land, one must cross a plank bridge, trudge up a dirt path and scale a low wall to reach a highway called Marcos Road. "Guess it should be called Aquino Road now," says Luz Mira, 30, a local resident. Dump trucks roll northward with the capital's morning haul of garbage, past the remains of a pig, past a slaughterhouse, past piles of burning trash. Their destination: Smokey Mountain, a shapeless hill of garbage and ash.

Smokey Mountain looks out on a magnificent vista: beyond the great curve of Manila Bay and its blue waters rise the rugged peaks of the Bataan Peninsula. But at the dump, the scene is one of utter squalor. Each arriving truck instantly draws hundreds of scavengers. Sacks on their shoulders, black rubber boots or open-toed sandals on their feet, they rifle the trash to grab the best bits: plastic containers and sheets, tin cans, anything that can be recycled. "I hear that dog carcasses are being bought up," claims Hilda Juanario, who lives nearby. "Some restaurants use the meat to fill hot buns."

On a good day a scavenger can earn up to 50 pesos, or \$2.40, more than double the minimum daily wage. The squatters who live around Smokey Mountain are frequently evicted by the authorities and sent to the provinces for resettlement, but almost invariably they return. "They

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can't make a living there," says Juanario. "They can here."

As far as the urban poor are concerned, Communist subversion or military plots to overthrow Aquino's government are distant, meaningless problems compared with the affordability of rice and dried fish. Votes are often sold in the slums for a little extra money, the equivalent of a dollar or two perhaps. Otherwise earthshaking events mean nothing. "Until visitors told us," says Sister Carolina Base, who runs a health center near Happy Land, "we didn't even know that Wall Street had crashed."

The specter of political violence is always there. But the activities of rightist militants and the Communist New People's Army are usually no more striking than the general lawlessness to which Manila has long been accustomed. Guns are everywhere; outside shopping malls and restaurants signs read FOR YOUR SAFETY. PLEASE DEPOSIT ALL FIREARMS WITH THE SECURITY GUARD. The spirit infects the drivers of jeepneys, the compact, Jeep-like vehicles that provide the main means of mass transport. Festeoned with bumper flaps like KING OF THE ROAD and NEVER TOO YOUNG TO DIE, jeepneys often overtake on the right, ignore red lights and stop wherever they want.

Despite the great anti-Marcos outburst of two years ago, the country con-



Filipinos before a mural of the revolution

Is Aquino countenancing Marcos' return?

tinues juggling standards of ethics and behavior, seemingly oblivious to inconsistency. While President Cory, as she is widely called, emanates saintliness from Malacañang, her teenage daughter Kristina, shoulders bared, hawks beauty soap in a television commercial. In a TV talent contest, a demurely dressed ten-year-old girl belts out a tune from *Cabaret*. "I used to have a girlfriend known as Elsie. With whom I shared four sordid rooms in Chelsea. She wasn't what you'd call a blushing flower. As a mat-

ter of fact, she rented by the hour."

Yet for all the unfulfilled hopes of the revolution, the Aquino aura remains intact. Mira concedes that nothing has changed since Aquino came to power. "But Cory is better than Imelda," she says, referring to Marcos' once powerful wife. Last year, Mira recalls, Aquino came to within a five-minute jeepney ride of Happy Land to inspect garbage collection. "Imelda never visited this place."

Aquino's good intentions are unlikely to be enough to keep the engine of reform moving. Corruption remains widespread. In the provinces, political warlords who prospered under Marcos are flexing their muscles. Ironically, Aquino's popularity has made some of the old problems more tolerable: Filipinos seem willing to give her more time to improve their lives.

Still, the high purpose that characterized the anti-Marcos uprising has dissipated. In 1986, behind the yellow, dusty walls of a local military camp, Aquino broke ground for a "People's Church" to commemorate the revolution. The only thing built, however, was a billboard announcing the coming construction. Months passed. Coups were attempted and failed. Soot gathered on the neglected, peeling panel. In the end, vandals defaced it, and a strong wind knocked it down.

—By Howard G. Chao-Esari/Manila

JAPAN

Thugs Beware

Citizens rout the yakuza

The five-story structure was painted a dark shade of green, but to the people of Ebisuka it was ominously known as the *burakku biru*, the black building. Ebisuka wanted nothing to do with the place or with those who called it headquarters. Across the street, the citizens erected a two-level shack and videotaped everyone who came in and out, men in flashy suits, dark glasses and short-cropped hair, with hints of multicolored tattoos snaking out on forearms.

In Japan, this is the unmistakable mobsterish getup of the *yakuza*, the country's version of the Mafia. In Ebisuka, a neighborhood in the city of Hamamatsu (pop. 514,000), about 130 miles southwest of Tokyo, the gangsters did not take kindly to the scrutiny, often loudly threatening the surveillance teams: one once approached the shack with a sword. Undaunted, the townsfolk gathered outside the *burakku biru* to chant "Get out! Seek an honorable life!"

The *yakuza*, who trace their origins to unemployed 17th century samurai, are not accustomed to such outspoken opposition. Numbering perhaps 86,000 and divided among 3,100 clans, they account for a third of those accused of murder and 60%

of those arrested for blackmail. But towns faced with an intruding clan usually resign themselves to coexistence.

Not the 970 families who live in Ebisuka. The struggle began in 1985, when the Ichiriki Ikka (the One-Power Family) set up headquarters in the green building. Besides monitoring visitors, the residents of Ebisuka sent 1,500 protest postcards to Tetsuya Aono, chief of the Ichiriki Ikka, demanding that he and his cohort of 110 leave town. Shop owners refused to sell goods to the *yakuza*. After Ebisuka lodged a lawsuit against Aono, says Eiichi Mizuno, a local mechanic, "the gangsters began showing their fangs." A young mobster screamed obscenities at Mizuno and smashed the windows of his house. Later, a gang member strode up to

Ebisuka's lawyer, Yoshihiro Mitsui, in a coffee shop and stabbed him, puncturing his lung. Another activist was slashed in the throat.

Some Ebisuka residents lost heart and abandoned the anti-*yakuza* campaign. Others saw the problem as too big for one town to solve and argued for détente. But most pressed on with the harassment campaign. Said Haruji Toyoda, 61, a leader of the movement: "You had to overcome fear. If not, people would have said that we too lost out to violence."

The gangster attacks attracted national media attention. The local police force of eight was augmented by 300 officers from other communities. Hamamatsu set up a special 120-man police task force to guard against illegal activities by gangsters. Gradually, about half the clan's members were put in jail or placed under detention.

Last month Gang Lord Aono agreed to an out-of-court settlement in which the Ichiriki Ikka abandoned the *burakku biru*. Said Toyoda: "They did not want to stir up trouble for gangsters elsewhere." Happy residents gathered outside the hated building and removed the anti-*yakuza* banners. Amid the celebration, a few expressed reservations. Said Mizuno: "We don't know where the gang is going next." But wherever the *yakuza* go, they are not likely to forget Ebisuka.

—By Howard G. Chao-Esari/Manila



Scram: Ebisuka residents protest unwelcome neighbors

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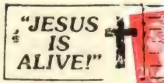
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World Notes



BRITAIN: Onward Christian postage



NICARAGUA: Obando y Bravo



AFGHANISTAN: A rebel and his faithful arms carrier

BRITAIN

What a Mailstrom!

Imagine six weeks' worth of British mail, more than a billion envelopes, stamped with the postmark JESUS IS ALIVE! It's enough to drive a nonbeliever round the bend. So it was no surprise that an outcry ensued when the slogan premiered last week, courtesy of Paul Slennett, owner of a religious book shop, who paid \$88,500 for the postmark.

Since 1917, the British mail service has bolstered revenues by selling stamp space. But Slennett's slogan has raised a ruckus and has prompted the National Secular Society, which claims that about 26% of Britons are atheist or agnostic, to retaliate in kind. It is stamping its envelopes with the words JESUS IS A MYTH.

THE GULF

Tehran in the Cross Hairs

After suffering Iranian missile attacks against its capital of Baghdad over the past three years, Iraq finally struck back last week. For the first time, Iraq fired surface-to-surface missiles at Tehran. Iran claimed that at least 30 civilians were killed and 130 wounded. Though Iraq had sent bombers against Iran's

capital before, until now it lacked missiles that could reach Tehran, 280 miles from its border. The longer-range weapons reportedly are Soviet-made Scud B missiles, which usually travel up to 174 miles; the Iraqis may have increased the reach of the missiles by reducing the explosive warhead or by adding boosters.

NICARAGUA

Canning the Cardinal

The Sandinistas and the *contras* see eye to eye on very few things, but the two sides did agree that Nicaraguan Miguel Cardinal Obando y Bravo, 62, should mediate their cease-fire talks. Not anymore. After overseeing two sessions since January, Obando, a longtime critic of the regime, was abruptly dismissed last week by Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega Saavedra, 42. Though the *contras* objected to Obando's ouster, Ortega named his younger brother, Defense Minister Humberto Ortega, 40, to head a government delegation that planned to hold the Sandinistas' first face-to-face meeting with rebel leaders this week.

Meanwhile, in Washington the House voted 216 to 208 to kill \$30.5 million in humanitarian assistance for the *contras*. The package, designed by Democratic House Speaker Jim Wright to replace a mili-

tary aid request that he had helped defeat last month, was voted down by a strange-bedfellows' alliance of liberal Democrats and conservative Republicans. Ronald Reagan, who opposed the Wright proposal as too weak, indicated that he will continue to press for military help.

DIPLOMACY

Next Year in Riyadh?

Since the early 1970s Soviet diplomatic efforts in the Middle East have been focused on such radical states as Syria and Libya. Now Moscow seems intent on branching out. The U.S. State Department has quietly told Saudi Arabia that it would not oppose, as it has for decades, Riyadh's proposal to establish full diplomatic relations with Moscow. Washington recognizes that the fervently anti-Communist Saudis are only recognizing the reality of growing Soviet power in the region. If no hitches develop, the Saudis and Soviets may go public with their friendship between Election Day and the 1989 presidential inauguration, when the U.S. is preoccupied with the change of White House occupants.

The Soviets are also wooing Israel. Moscow, which severed relations with Israel after the Six-Day War in 1967, has offered to restore ties if a Middle East peace conference

takes place. The catch: at the meeting, Israel would have to deal with the P.L.O., something Jerusalem has refused to do.

AFGHANISTAN

Mules to the Mujahedin

"Nothing important stands in the way of concluding a settlement," declared Afghan Foreign Minister Abdul Wakil last week, as the latest round of U.N.-sponsored peace talks began in Geneva. Pakistan, which represents the *mujahedin* rebels at the talks, and Afghanistan agreed that the withdrawal period for Soviet troops would be cut from ten to nine months.

Among the hurdles that remain is the rebel leaders' opposition to any agreement that would shut down the CIA arms pipeline through Pakistan. The *mujahedin* complain that shipments have declined more than 50% over the past two months, despite a U.S. promise to escalate them.

The *mujahedin* have also been unhappy with some of the aid getting through. Last December the U.S. shipped almost 2,000 Tennessee mules to Pakistan to carry rebel supplies across the border. However, Pakistani sources say many of the animals have not adjusted to their new climate. Some have died, others have developed conjunctivitis, and many are just too wobbly to work.

Big Wheels Turning

The dollar's decline helps American manufacturers shift back into high gear

Just a few years ago, pundits were proclaiming the decline of American industry and heralding the conversion of the U.S. to a service economy. Overwhelmed by a tide of imports, U.S. manufacturing firms were accounting for a dwindling portion of the gross national product and generating a shrinking share of total employment. At the same time, service businesses ranging from fast-food outlets to financial conglomerates seemed to be where the action was. Soon, the seers said, Americans would all be flipping burgers, selling software or shining one another's Italian shoes.

But lo and behold: the Rust Bowl is resurgent. Thanks largely to a weakened dollar, which makes imports more expensive and American goods cheaper overseas, the output of U.S. factories rose 4.2% last year, twice the 1986 increase. Marching proudly under the MADE IN THE U.S.A. banner, companies are boosting their exports and winning back domestic sales lost to imports. Says Peter Jordan, an economist at Data Resources, a consulting firm: "American manufacturing is undergoing a major renaissance." In fact, business is so strong that some firms may soon face a shortage of capacity to handle the soaring demand.

Of course, the comeback remains vulnerable to a downturn of the U.S. economy. After 64 months of growth in the gross national product, the longest peacetime expansion in U.S. history has reached old age, and economists are checking its vital signs. Last week the Government reported that the index of leading economic indicators, a barometer of future economic performance, fell .6% in January. But economists were encouraged by the Government's revision of the December index, which changed from a .2% drop to a .3% increase. Moreover, the unemployment rate fell from 5.8% in January to 5.7% in February, the lowest level since July 1979. While retail sales were sluggish in February, most economists expect rising exports to keep the economy going through the rest of the year at least.

The revival of manufacturing is not quite so remarkable as it may seem. U.S. industry was beleaguered in the early 1980s, but not so close to the brink of doom as many observers believed. Between 1970 and 1984, manufacturing output rose 53%, almost as strong an increase as the 62% in services. While many com-

panies laid off factory workers, new industrial firms sprang up and others expanded, so that the total number of manufacturing jobs remained fairly constant. Meanwhile, employment in service businesses shot up 47% between 1970 and 1984, but that was partly because productivity growth was much lower in those areas than in manufacturing.

Nonetheless, there was no denying that U.S. manufacturers faced some profound hardships, most notably the strong dollar. Between 1981 and 1985, the greenback's value climbed more than 50% when measured against the currencies of major trading partners. That made U.S. products prohibitively expensive for foreigners, while imports became dramatically cheaper for American consumers.

When the dollar started its steep decline in February 1985, the outlook for U.S. manufacturing began to improve. Some two years later, the dollar lost all the gains it had made during the previous five years. The first industries to benefit from the dollar's drop produced goods that are sold mostly on the basis of price. Among them: paper, plastics and metals. As the dollar fell, sales of such manufactured goods as office equipment and machine tools picked up sharply as well.

By 1987 the turnaround was unmistakable. Exports surged 11.4%, compared with a 3.7% increase in 1986. And while the trade deficit hit a record \$171.2 billion in 1987, it was at last showing signs of falling in the final months of the year. December's trade gap of \$12.2 billion was down 31% from October's \$17.6 billion. Many economists believe the persistent trade deficit will cause a further sharp decline in the dollar, which will give an extra lift to U.S. manufacturers. John Paulus, chief economist of the Morgan Stanley investment firm, predicts that by 1991 the U.S. will be the low-cost manufacturer of most traded products. Says he: "The world will be turned upside down. Japan and Europe will be clamoring for protection against U.S.-made goods."

Already, the export boom is boosting revenues for all sorts of manufacturers. Shipments of lumber and wood products last year increased 31%, to almost \$4 billion. Apparel exports rose 26%, to \$1.5 billion. High-tech firms are flourishing as well. The Los Angeles-based Meridian Group, which exports electronics products, scientific instruments and equip-

ment for some 20 industrial companies, reports that its shipments were up 15% last year, to \$25 million. Says Charles Nevil, Meridian's owner: "I just got back from Europe and Asia, and old customers were coming up to me and sheepishly asking if I would sell to them again."

Even U.S. automakers, who for years



had only minimal success in exporting cars, are sharing in the surge. Chrysler expects to export some \$800 million worth of vehicles in 1988, up from \$200 million just three years ago. General Motors plans to send 4,000 cars to Japan this year, up from 2,875 in 1987.

When the dollar was strong, many American firms set up factories overseas to take advantage of relatively low costs. But the dollar's dive has inspired some of them to bring their production back home. Last November, Tandy decided to shift assembly of its Color Computer 3 from South Korea to Fort Worth. The move will cut production costs by some

7%. Similarly, the Otis Elevator division of United Technologies recently began producing escalators in its Bloomington, Ind., plant. Since 1983 its escalators for the U.S. market had been made in a plant in West Germany.

American manufacturers have not depended solely on the falling dollar to bolster their business. They have also slashed costs and boosted productivity. While output per worker-hour grew at a 2.4% annual rate in U.S. manufacturing between 1960 and 1982, it doubled to a 4.8% pace over the past five years. Productivity gains have been particularly dramatic for machine-tool makers, which had been savaged by foreign competition. Michigan-based Cross & Trecker shortened the length of time it takes to produce a critical machine-tool part called an air bearing from five months to five days. Such productivity improvements have helped companies hold down prices and raise sales. January machine-tool orders

In response to the dollar's plunge and the rejuvenation of their American rivals, more and more Japanese companies are opening factories in the U.S. In July Mitsubishi will begin constructing a forklift-manufacturing plant in Houston. Within the past three months, nine Japanese machine-tool makers have announced plans to build factories in the U.S. They will service the four Japanese auto plants already operating in the heartland.

Though large companies still account for the bulk of U.S. exports, small firms are playing an increasingly important role. Nowhere is the boom in small-scale industry more apparent than in Southern California. The thousands of companies in and around Los Angeles make it the leading metropolitan area in the U.S. for manufacturing output (value of 1987 shipments: \$75 billion). The profit margin of Zero Corp., which makes electronic equipment as well as Halliburton camera cases and luggage, amounts to an unusual

industrial firms are one-time gains that cannot be repeated. Some companies simply shuttered old plants and shifted production to newer, more efficient factories. Robert Lawrence, a senior fellow at Washington's Brookings Institution, likens this process to raising a baseball team's batting average by cutting the five worst batters. The remaining hitters will post a higher batting average, but in extra innings the manager could find himself with an empty bench.

In some industries the bench is almost empty already. Paper mills are producing at 97% of total capacity, while primary metal and chemical manufacturers are operating at more than 90%. Overall, U.S. factories were running at an average of 82% capacity at the end of last year, the highest level since 1980.

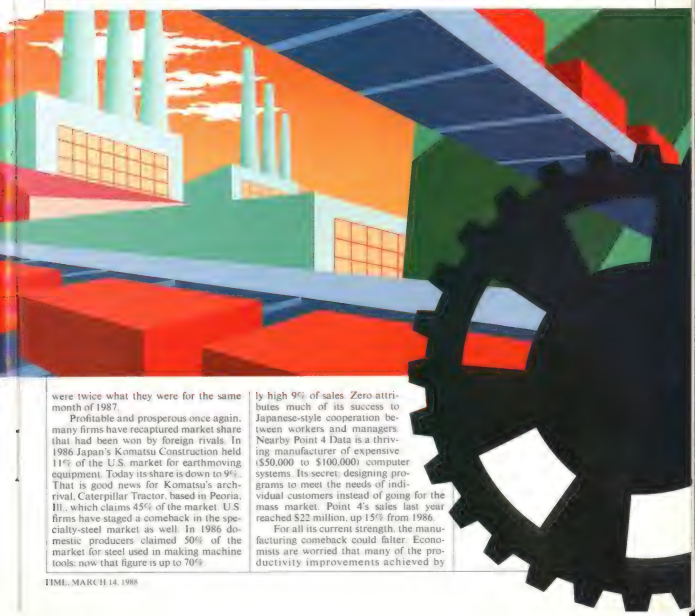
Yet executives remain wary of making capital investments. A common nightmare is that the dollar will regain its strength. Reports Lynn Michaelis, chief

were twice what they were for the same month of 1987.

Profitable and prosperous once again, many firms have recaptured market share that had been won by foreign rivals. In 1986 Japan's Komatsu Construction held 11% of the U.S. market for earthmoving equipment. Today its share is down to 9%. That is good news for Komatsu's arch-rival, Caterpillar Tractor, based in Peoria, Ill., which claims 45% of the market. U.S. firms have staged a comeback in the specialty-steel market as well. In 1986 domestic producers claimed 50% of the market for steel used in making machine tools; now that figure is up to 70%.

ly high 9% of sales. Zero attributes much of its success to Japanese-style cooperation between workers and managers. Nearby Point 4 Data is a thriving manufacturer of expensive (\$50,000 to \$100,000) computer systems. Its secret: designing programs to meet the needs of individual customers instead of going for the mass market. Point 4's sales last year reached \$22 million, up 15% from 1986.

For all its current strength, the manufacturing comeback could falter. Economists are worried that many of the productivity improvements achieved by



Economy & Business

economist at Weyerhaeuser, a leading lumber and paper producer: "The strong dollar of 1985 is having a haunting effect when it comes to investing large chunks of capital." It takes about three years to build a large factory, and companies have no idea what economic conditions will be like when the plant is finished.

Fear of a recession, almost endemic in corporate boardrooms, is also restraining new plant construction. Says Edward Irving, senior vice president of United Technologies, an automotive supplier: "Back in 1980 and 1981, we had to shut down 25 plants because of

excess capacity in the auto industry. We said to ourselves, 'We're not going to face this again.'" That attitude is to be expected, says Fred Bergsten, director of the Institute for International Economics: "A reluctance to invest in new capacity is a natural reaction to years of meager profits."

But the hesitation to build new factories could cause trouble. Companies may be forced to turn away customers, missing an unusual chance to wrest market share away from foreign competitors. Says David Hale, chief economist for Kemper Financial Services: "We have

had five years of underinvestment in manufacturing. This may simply represent a form of corporate anorexia."

U.S. companies might want to take a cue from the Japanese, who invest in the future without being overly concerned about the impact of temporary recessions on short-term profits. They want to make sure they have enough capacity when demand surges. And with U.S. manufacturing in the midst of a renaissance, it is certainly no time for American managers to be timid.

—By Barbara Rudolph.
Reported by Richard Hornik/Washington and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York

Commission Impossible

A blue-ribbon panel (what else?) tackles the budget deficit

In a town known for using political clichés to paper over critical issues, no phrase passes the lips of Washington politicians more easily than "bipartisan commission"—except, of course, for that old standby, "blue-ribbon panel." Over the years these august bodies have contemplated practically every vexing issue, from Central America to Social Security. Although the commissions rarely solve the problem at hand, they invariably buy time for the responsible authorities to put off unpleasant decisions, sometimes indefinitely. The latest commission with a formidable mission came into being last week, when the National Economic Commission began its search for ways of reducing the federal budget deficit.

Authorization for the 14-member NEC, originally championed by New York Governor Mario Cuomo, was tacked to the mammoth budget bill passed by Congress in December. Six members were appointed by the Democratic congressional leaders, four by their Republican counterparts and two by President Reagan; two more will be appointed in November by the President-elect. The board was given a deadline of March 1, 1989, and \$1 million to produce a politically acceptable fiscal blueprint for the next Administration and Congress.

The White House was decidedly cool to the idea of a special commission because its very existence implies the failure of Reaganomics. Said one former Administration official: "People at the White House were not happy about this at all. For a while they considered appointing a couple of economists from the Labor or Commerce Department to show their disdain." In the end, Reagan appointed two of his top former Cabinet Secretaries, Drew Lewis (Transportation) and Caspar Weinberger (Defense). Said New York Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moy-



Domenici, left, and Weinberger walk to the group's first session
Can a room be found big enough for all those egos?

nihan, who sponsored the commission's founding legislation and is himself a member: "The President could have been grumpy about this and chose not to be."

Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole had the final say in choosing the remaining four Republicans on the commission: Pete Domenici, the ranking minority member of the Senate Budget Committee; Bill Frenzel, a member of the House Ways and Means Committee; Donald Rumsfeld, who served as Defense Secretary under President Gerald Ford; and Dean Kleckner, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation. The Democratic leaders of the House and Senate chose their own batch of household names: Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca; Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn; Lane Kirkland, president of the AFL-CIO; and Robert Strauss, former chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Con-

gressional Democrats will be represented by Moynihan and House Budget Committee Chairman William H. Gray III.

If nothing else, the NEC's members carry enormous reputations into their deliberations. But some old Washington hands fear that those reputations—and the immodesty that often comes with them—may cause more problems than partisan differences may cause. "It will be difficult," admitted one Senate staffer, "to find a room big enough for all those egos." Lewis and Strauss, who were selected co-chairmen during the commission's initial meeting in Washington last week, will have the job of encouraging the group to work together.

Critics fear that the panel members may have a hidden agenda. Frets Daniel Mitchell, director of tax and budget policy for the conservative Citizens for a Sound Economy: "There are people out there who want this commission to recommend tax increases and provide political cover for them." Liberals fear that the presence of members with corporate ties will mean that any tax hikes will fall on individuals instead of on businesses. Agreement on spending cuts could be hard to reach, since several

members have special interests. Weinberger, for example, may resist any attack on the defense budget, and Kleckner may want to protect farm subsidies.

Because of concern that its findings may be politicized if they are leaked before the November elections, the commission will proceed at a rather stately pace. A limited staff and the commission members' busy schedules will also slow progress. Cynics point out that the time frame for deliberations will excuse this Congress and President from making any difficult decisions in an election year.

But the commission members say they deserve a chance. Observes Frenzel: "With the inadequate deficit solutions of the past years, it seems that the National Economic Commission is the last line of defense. Perhaps it can achieve some kind of progress. Nothing else has worked."

—By Richard Hornik/Washington



FORD ANNOUNCES

PEACE OF MIND



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There's a new performance feature built into every Ford Motor Company car and truck. But you won't find it under your hood.

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**QUALITY CARE
FOR QUALITY CARS**



FORD PARTS AND SERVICE DIVISION

Your body doesn't know NutraSweet® from beans.

A photograph of a light-colored ceramic bowl filled with green beans. The bowl sits on a wooden surface. In the foreground, a green bean husk is partially peeled, and a small knife lies nearby. The lighting is warm and focused on the bowl.

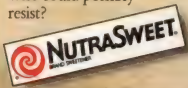
Or peas. Or grapes.
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that matter.

Because NutraSweet® brand sweetener is made of two building blocks of protein, like those that make up things we eat every day.

And that means your body digests NutraSweet the same way it does fruits, vegetables, dairy products, and meats. So even though NutraSweet doesn't come from nature, as far as your body's concerned, it might as well have.

No wonder people go out of their way to find NutraSweet in their favorite products.

After all, with a sweetening ingredient that tastes just like sugar—and your body treats like a bean—who could possibly resist?



©1989 The NutraSweet Co.

New Miracle on 34th Street?

Macy's gallops in as a white knight in the fight for Federated

For Federated Department Stores, surrender seemed an imminent and lamentable fate. After a long, five-week siege, the largest U.S. department-store owner had all but given up hope of fending off a takeover raid from the north by Canadian Developer Robert Campeau, who had offered \$6.1 billion, or \$68 a share, for the Cincinnati-based retailer. But as happens routinely in romances and rarely in corporate struggles, the whitest knight conceivable appeared last week. The venerable R.H. Macy & Co., an all-American name that evokes images of Thanksgiving Day parades and the classic movie *Miracle on 34th Street*, made a comparable last-minute counterbid for Federated. Corporate rescues, though, are never as certain as chivalric ones. While Federated seized on Macy's offer, Campeau refused to withdraw from the field.

Campeau and Macy's are vying to form a retail colossus. Federated (1987 sales: \$11.1 billion) owns 650 stores, including such lucrative chains as Bloomingdale's, based in New York City, and San Francisco's J. Magnin. If Federated combined with either Macy's (97 stores, 1987 fiscal-year sales: \$5.2 billion) or Manhattan-based Allied Stores (286 stores, estimated 1987 sales: \$3.5 billion), which Campeau Corp. bought in 1986, the merger would be the largest in retail history.

When Campeau made his initial offer for Federated on Jan. 25, the company's management was aghast. Since taking over Allied, Campeau has arranged the sale of 16 of the company's 22 divisions and sent scores of top executives packing; all told, he eliminated an estimated 4,000 jobs. Federated feared a similar dismemberment at the hands of Campeau, 63, a self-made French-Canadian tycoon who may be more interested in real estate than in accumulating stores.

Enter Macy's. The 130-year-old company, founded by a former Nantucket whaler, stunned Wall Street by joining the fray. Chairman Edward Finkelstein, a shrewd, 40-year veteran with the company, had taken the firm private in a \$3.7 billion leveraged buyout in 1986. Loaded with debt after that deal, Macy's seemed incapable of takeovers. Says Pavlos Alexandrakis, a retail analyst for Argus Research: "It's the last company you would expect to be out shopping."

To Federated managers, Macy's entrance made perfect sense. They were reassured by Finkelstein's retailing record and his interest in keeping Federated's prime chains. By a unanimous vote, Federated directors accepted Macy's bid. But stockholders may not follow. Because Macy's offer involves cash and a future stock swap of Federated shares for shares in the new firm, the value is unclear. The two bids are believed to be comparable, but Federated stockholders have to decide whether they want a payoff now from Campeau or bet on the fate of Macy's Federated.

Another concern is Macy's potential antitrust problems. In Atlanta, Macy's and Rich's, a Federated chain, control almost all the department-store business. In New York City, Macy's stores and Federated's Abraham & Straus and Bloomingdale's are the top three operations.

Whatever the antitrust obstacles, Campeau and Macy's will slug it out. Campeau, a onetime machinist and the seventh of 13 children from a poor family, has shown a scrapper's stubbornness in battles with Canada's business establishment. One example: his bruising but failed 1980 bid for Royal Trustco. He will need more of that tenacity to best Finkelstein and block another retailing miracle on 34th Street.

—By Daniel Benjamin

Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York



Holmes à Court facing up to his shareholders

The Harder They Fall

An Aussie raider's tumble

Robert Holmes à Court, Australia's first billionaire and one of the world's most fearsome corporate raiders, was renowned at home as the Great Acquirer. In the U.S., his targets were the giants USX and Texaco. But when he arrived in his gold-toned Rolls-Royce for a meeting of his corporate shareholders last month in Perth, Holmes à Court, 50, had acquired a new identity: the Great Disposer.

Holmes à Court was not at the meeting to announce yet another daring takeover but to concede the end of his boldest dream. In just eight minutes, the raider crisply laid out plans for his Bell Resources company to sell—at a \$206 million loss—most of its 28% stake in Broken Hill Proprietary, Australia's largest company (1987 revenues: \$6 billion). Holmes à Court had patiently stalked BHP, a vast mineral and energy conglomerate, for nearly five years, aiming to use the company as the foundation for a global natural-resources empire. His decision to sell was poignant evidence of the changing fortunes wrought by last October's stock-market crash, in which Holmes à Court's empire was perhaps the world's single largest loser.

A week earlier, complying with a directive from Australian stock exchanges for all companies to disclose the damages they suffered in the crash, Holmes à Court gave a stunning account of his companies' net losses, now estimated at \$1 billion. Holmes à Court described how his principal companies—Bell Group, Bell Resources and J.N. Taylor Holdings—suffered an avalanche of falling stock prices in their wide holdings in energy, banking, mining and retailing. As the Holmes à Court companies took losses on these investments, their own shares collapsed as well. The stock-market value of the Holmes à Court corporations plunged



Canadian Developer Campeau, left, Macy's Finkelstein and a coveted floor of Bloomingdale's
Fear of dismemberment sent Federated management running into a rival's embrace.

— ORAL HEALTH ALERT —

Open Wide, America.

Getting the inside story on what's going on inside your mouth.



Virtually all adults can get gingivitis as a result of unchecked plaque.

Public enemy #1: plaque. Plaque has almost become a household word. It is certainly a household problem. But even though everyone is affected by it, few people really understand the seriousness of plaque or the importance of controlling it. Plaque is an almost invisible sticky film of bacteria that continuously forms on the teeth. Plaque germs are constantly multiplying and building up. Any dentist will tell you that controlling plaque is the single most important step to better oral health.

The victims of unchecked plaque: teeth and gums. Ignoring plaque is a risky proposition. If it is not removed and controlled, the results are sometimes merely unattractive, but often times far more serious.

A serious result of unremoved

plaque is gingivitis, the early, reversible stage of gum disease. As plaque builds, the bacteria produce by-products that can irritate the gums, causing redness, swelling and sometimes bleeding. These signs indicate there is a problem that should be looked at

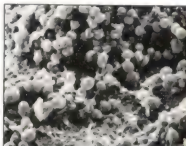
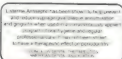
by a dentist for an accurate diagnosis. If left untreated, gingivitis can lead to periodontitis, an advanced stage of gum disease, which possibly can result in tooth loss. Periodontitis can be diagnosed and treated only by a dentist.

The unattractive problem, tartar, is a hard calcified material which can trap plaque. This appears as yellow-brownish stained accumulations on the teeth. While many anti-tartar toothpastes and mouthrinses can help prevent new tartar from forming, none can remove existing tartar. That can be safely removed only by a dentist or a dental hygienist. Unlike gingivitis, tartar above the gumline is basically a cosmetic problem.

The best defense is a good offense.

The best way to guard against gingivitis is to stop it before it starts. You should begin by brushing and flossing daily, and visiting your dentist regularly. In reality, however, many people do not clean all areas of their mouths thoroughly with these methods alone. That's why rinsing with Listerine® Antiseptic is important. Long-term clinical studies with hundreds of patients have proven that daily use of Listerine kills plaque bacteria, helping to prevent plaque build-up and gingivitis. Listerine has also been proven to reduce existing plaque and gingivitis.

The American Dental Association Council on Dental Therapeutics recently has granted the Seal of Acceptance to Listerine for helping to prevent and reduce both plaque above the gumline and gingivitis. Listerine is the only non-prescription mouthwash that has been accepted by the ADA for these conditions. So, wherever you see Listerine, you'll see this Seal of Acceptance.



Gingivitis is not inevitable. With certain preventive measures, it may be avoided. Remember to brush and floss daily and visit your dentist regularly. And for extra protection, rinse with an ADA accepted antiseptic mouthwash such as Listerine. It's as simple as that.

For more information, call toll free: 1-800-223-0182 (in NJ: 1-800-338-0326).

Economy & Business

from \$4.1 billion to \$850 million. "We found ourselves," he told Bell Group shareholders last December, "in the eye of the cyclone."

His empire had a critical weakness: it was constructed largely of passive investments in other companies' stock, rather than outright ownership of plants, equipment and other hard assets. Half of the Bell Group's pre-October assets of \$1.8 billion, for instance, were made up of corporate shareholdings. "We were overexposed to the world's stock markets," Holmes a Court has conceded. Moreover, since the raider did not own controlling interest in those corporations, he was unable to tap their corporate credit lines to get infusions of new money. Said he: "Our money was tied up without getting cash flow or profits."

Reeling from Oct. 19's plunge, Holmes a Court suffered a devastating blow four days later when Merrill Lynch canceled plans to raise \$720 million for him by issuing low-interest securities. In the days before the crash, the Merrill Lynch debt issue seemed destined to give Holmes a Court the buying power to finance his planned intercontinental behemoth. Even after the crash, the money might have helped him hang on to the investments he had already acquired. But without the financing, he was forced to meet obligations by selling off stocks at the worst possible moment, when they were still depressed from the crash.

Yet Holmes a Court (the name dates from the Norman Conquest, in 1066) carried out his fire sale with characteristic decisiveness. The first glittering piece of his empire to go was his 10% holding in Texaco, valued at more than \$800 million before the crash. Holmes a Court sold half his shares to U.S. Financier Carl Icahn in November for \$360 million, at an estimated loss of \$65 million. Other items: an 8% stake in the British retailer Sears PLC, sold for \$300 million (loss: \$41 million), and a 16% stake in Australia's Pioneer Concrete Services (loss: \$54 million).

At the same time, Holmes a Court was forced to tear up his shopping list of future purchases. In February, he withdrew from a \$337 million deal to buy a group of newspapers and radio stations from John Fairfax Ltd. But the most stunning move was his retreat from the long, often bitter struggle to gain control of Broken Hill, known as the Big Australian.

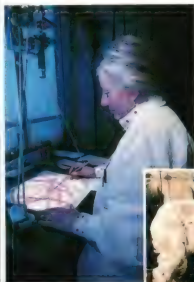
Holmes a Court's coming-to-grips with his situation seemed to salvage his reputation somewhat in the financial community. Said the daily *Australian Financial Review*: "The savage write-downs... are no more than tough-minded demolition and site clearing to facilitate clean rebuilding of the group." In fact, Holmes a Court may thrive once again as the lord of a humbler empire, but his brief reign as a globe-straddling raider appears to be finished for good. —*By Janice Castro.*

Reported by John Dunn/Melbourne

A Crackdown by Cashmere Cops

Counterfeit cloth shows up even on the racks of reputable shops

Karl Spilhaus shops with a mission. His busy hands rake through the winter-coat racks, expertly fingering the fabric as he examines the labels and checks the prices. When Spilhaus senses a swindle, he purchases the suspicious garment and whisks it to a laboratory where it is sectioned, stripped of dyes and studied under microscopes. Spilhaus is searching for counterfeit cashmere, and all too often he finds it. A garment labeled 70% cashmere/30% wool frequently contains no more than 5% cashmere. The rest? Recycled rags, human hair, acrylic, asbestos, rabbit fur and even newspaper.



A researcher inspects a sample from a suspicious garment: a Kashmiri kid in Mongolia



Spilhaus is director and chief detective of the Boston-based Camel Hair & Cashmere Institute of America. The group, founded in 1984, is a watchdog agency supported by seven major textile firms. "Nearly 30% of the cashmere sold in the U.S. is mislabeled," says Spilhaus. "Because the demand for cashmere is strong and prices are high, the incentive for shoddy operators is great."

He is not referring merely to street-corner vendors who tempt passersby with "cashmere scarves" for \$15. Fake cashmere shows up in major department stores, which are sometimes duped by unscrupulous importers. The counterfeit cloth can come from many parts of the world, but according to the C.C.I.A. and the Federal Trade Commission, the largest quantities are originating in Prato, Italy, a textile town near Florence.

Cashmere from England and Scotland is above suspicion, since those countries have stringent regulations to combat counterfeiting.

At best, American retailers are guilty of not asking tough questions of suppliers. In 1985 the C.C.I.A. claimed it found fake-cashmere coats mislabeled in Lord & Taylor, Jordan Marsh and Filene's department stores and filed a federal lawsuit that prompted the retailers to stop selling the line. Since then major stores have generally cooperated with the C.C.I.A.

The wave of counterfeiting is a natural consequence of the surging demand for cashmere, which has become the fabric of choice for affluent baby boomers willing to pay for the best. No longer limiting the cloth to coats, sweaters and scarves, designers have come out with cashmere tunics, miniskirts, camisoles and even sweat suits. Ralph Lauren can barely keep his cabled cashmere sweater for men in stock at \$625, while Donna Karan's cashmere bodysuit (\$550 to \$800) overwhelmingly outsells her less expensive merino-wool outfit (\$200 to \$300).

Even as the demand for cashmere rises, the supply is severely limited. The best cashmere is woven from the hair of Kashmiri goats that are now raised in China and Mongolia. By the time the finest white cashmere reaches the U.S., it costs up to \$200 a yard. A lower grade from Iran and Afghanistan goes for \$100 a yard. Experiments to breed the goats elsewhere are being tried in Australia, New Zealand, Iowa, Montana and Colorado. But removed from the deserts and mountains of their rugged natural habitat, the animals grow fat and so far have produced a disappointingly coarse undercoat.

Meanwhile, the counterfeiters have no shortage of substitutes. Some weavers remove the coarser fibers from camel hair to make it feel more like cashmere. Others use yak hair. Says Spilhaus: "The cheating is limited only by the imagination of the cheaters."

The C.C.I.A. suggests that wary consumers look first at prices. An overcoat made from even the lowest grade of cashmere should cost at least \$800 and a sweater \$200. Then the buyer should examine the craftsmanship. If the lapels and buttonholes are poorly finished, chances are the material is as second-rate as the work. —*By Martha Smilgis/*

New York

Business Notes



AUTOS A pair of Fieros drive along a test track



INNOVATIONS Fast photos



HAZARDS Working to clear away a carcinogen

POLICYMAKERS

The Fed's Head Of the Class

Since last summer, when Paul Volcker resigned as Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, admirers and critics alike have wondered what he would do next. Would Volcker, 60, make millions with one of the investment houses vying for his services? Or would he pursue his professed interest in teaching?

The answer: yes and yes. A 1949 graduate of Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs, he will return as a professor of international economic policy. He will also become chairman of the Manhattan-based James D. Wolfensohn investment firm. Volcker picked Princeton because the school emphasizes broad economic issues. Wolfensohn's allure: the firm is small enough to let Volcker have a major influence, and the job is expected to pay more than \$1 million a year. Volcker's annual salary as head of the Fed: \$89,500.

AUTOS

Building Less Excitement

When the first Pontiac Fiero hit the streets in 1983, automobile buffs waxed ecstatic. The two-door coupe had the sleek lines of a sports car, and its

original base price of \$7,990 made it comely even to cash-conscious commuters, who did not mind that it had only two seats. A molded plastic exterior and an engine placed just behind those seats to improve handling gave the auto a justifiable reputation for innovative design. But last week parent company General Motors, citing decelerating sales, suddenly slammed the brakes on all future production of the Fiero (the Italian word for proud).

After a promising debut, the car got into trouble. Last year GM had to conduct a reputation-denting recall of all 1984 models because of a defect that occasionally caused engine fires. Fiero's demise may also have been helped along by steep insurance rates, which ran as high as \$5,000 in some states because the young unmarried men who favored the auto were generally considered high-risk drivers. Fiero suffered too from a surfeit of two-seaters. With as many as five other such cars seeking a chunk of a dwindling market, Fiero sales fell from nearly 102,000 in 1984 to 47,000 last year. This year analysts expected sales to drop as low as 25,000.

Wall Streeters applauded the Fiero's dumping as a decisive move by GM, which has endured sagging profits in the past two years. But the news caused no cheer in Pontiac (pop. 76,715), Mich., where GM will idle the Fiero plant and lay off 1,100 workers.

INNOVATIONS

Presto! Prints In an Instant

Picture this: an amateur shutterbug walks into a camera shop with a 35-mm color negative and walks out with a glossy print, cropped to his liking, less than five minutes later. That vision will become reality this summer, when Kodak's Create-A-Print 35-mm Enlargement Center, a do-it-yourself printmaker, appears in U.S. photo shops.

Kodak last week showed off its invention, which accepts negatives much the way automated tellers digest bank cards. While viewing the film's positive image on a 13-in. color monitor, consumers can crop the photo, zoom in or out and adjust its angle. The quick prints, in 5 by 7, 8 by 10 or 11 by 14 size, are expected to be slightly more expensive than those produced from negatives left at the photo shop.

HAZARDS

Silent Alarm For Asbestos

"Don't panic," advised John Moore, assistant administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency. With that, he issued a report that was, to say the least, troublesome. Its findings: an estimated 20% of the 3.6 million public and com-

mercial buildings in the U.S. contain asbestos.

If Moore's keep-calm advice seemed odd given those figures, EPA's strategy for removing or sealing the asbestos appeared even more so. Citing limited resources to dispose of the material and the need to deal first with school buildings, the agency recommended a period of evaluation before the nation launches a cleanup that could cost \$51 billion. Democratic Representative James Florio of New Jersey said EPA is "sweeping this alarming problem under the rug."

CREDIT CARDS

Charge It, Comrade

The Soviet Union has one of the world's largest economies, but it operates on a simple principle: pay as you go. Soon, though, some Soviet denizens may utter the Russian equivalent of that time-honored phrase, "Charge it!" Visa International, the world's No. 1 credit-card issuer, last week won the right to offer the Soviet Union's first credit cards.

Initially, only a handful of Moscow's biggest stores will accept the cards, many of which will go to Soviet citizens who work or travel abroad and to foreigners living in the country. Unlike Westerners, who can stretch out their payments, most Soviets will have to pay in full within 30 days.



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We're showing this We'll only have 90 t

There simply won't be enough 1988 Cutlass Supremes to go around.

The problem is that when cars are built this well, there just isn't any way to crank out a million of them overnight.

For example, engineers spent the past five years just making sure the first one would be as good as it could be.

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They set up an assembly line just for practice, and built Cutlass Supremes on it to find better ways to build them.

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to sell the first 3,000 built. They're going to test them over and over again, to make sure nothing goes wrong when yours is built.

Unfortunately, making cars this good doesn't make enough to go around.

So if you want to be among the first 90,000 on your block to own the all new

1988 Cutlass Supreme, better get on down to your Oldsmobile dealer for a test drive.

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Proposal

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When People Count On You,
Count On Post-it Notes.

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Note Pad
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Law



ternational copyright agreement adopted by 76 countries, but the provision is one reason why the U.S. has never signed it.

The issue of artists' rights has intensified in the U.S. with the spread of public art since the 1970s, spurred by a 1963 federal policy that one-half of 1% of the construction budget for Government buildings must go for the purchase of art. At a time when the aims of modernism and the tastes of a broad public are not always in accord, some of that art, like *Tilted Arc*, has met with hostility or indifference. One federal judge in Baltimore even organized his judicial colleagues in a bid to block a George Sugarman sculpture planned for the plaza of the courthouse where he worked, insisting that the piece could be a launching pad for terrorist attacks.

Sugarman's spirited confection was installed anyway, and still stands. Other works have not been so lucky. Last year the Washington State legislature voted to remove from its chambers murals it had commissioned in 1980. Artists Alden Mason and Michael Spafford went to court. In a novel ruling, State Superior Court Judge Terrence Carroll held that the works themselves had rights that prohibited their destruction, though not their removal. But Mason, like Serra, says his work is site specific and that moving it is tantamount to destroying it.

If Congress enacts some form of moral-rights legislation, the U.S. could be in for a long period of testing to find the new limits. Can artists dictate how their work must be hung? Can they object to temporary embellishments? Canadian Artist Michael Snow successfully sued a Toronto shopping center that owned his sculpture *Flight Stop* because they had decked it with red Christmas ribbons. And once a work is in public, may its creator require that it remain there? "Should one generation of artists impose its taste on history?" asks Stephen Weil, deputy director of the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington.

One indication of how American courts might deal with problems like those will be found in the outcome of a battle

now being waged under California's law. Because one of his murals was destroyed during the remodeling of a building, Painter Tom Van Sant has filed a \$5.5 million lawsuit against the bank that commissioned the work, the building's new owners and the present tenant, AT&T. Meanwhile, its future still in the balance, *Tilted Arc* remains in lower Manhattan after seven years, more than ever the symbol of a divisiveness that the artist could not have imagined during its creation. —By Richard Lacayo, Reported by Michael Connell/New York and Jerome Cramer/Washington

Still crazy after all these years: Sugarman's work survived the judge's distaste

The "Moral Rights" of Artists

Who may say what becomes of art works after they are sold?

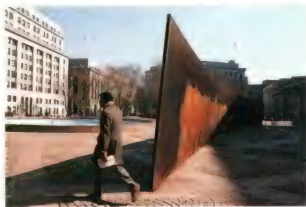
Twelve feet high and 120 ft. long, Richard Serra's *Tilted Arc* stretches like a rampart across the plaza of a federal office building in New York City. It seems only fitting that, as the centerpiece in a drawn-out battle over artists' rights, the steel wall sculpture even looks like a barricade. In 1985, after workers in the area complained that it inhibited use of the site, the U.S. General Services Administration, which had commissioned the \$175,000 piece, recommended its removal. That galvanized the art world and provoked Serra to fight in federal court against any attempt to move it. He lost the first round, but, undaunted, he was there again last week to appeal. "The Government has to learn that art is not property," he says. "You can't move it like paper clips."

Governments may be starting to agree. Since 1979 a handful of states, including California and New York, have adopted laws that give artists a degree of control over their work after they are paid for it. Now Congress is considering bills that would do likewise. Because one result might be to give film artists a say in whether their work is "colorized" or similarly fiddled with, Producer George Lucas and Director Steven Spielberg showed up last week at Senate hearings to speak in favor of such legislation. If unchecked, said Lucas, "current and future technologies will alter, mutilate and destroy... subtle human truths."

One of the proposals, the Visual Artists Rights Bill,

would also provide a 7% resale royalty on some art works fetching \$1,000 or more. In this age of the \$53.9 million Van Gogh, that would allow artists whose works increase in value—always just a fraction of the profession—to get a piece of the collector's profits. Critics counter that a similar provision in California's law has merely driven the sale of art off the books or out of state.

Current American law generally gives control over most kinds of property to its owner—an auto manufacturer, for instance, cannot tell buyers what to do with their cars. Yet every instinct says that art is no ordinary property. The proposals before Congress place it in a separate category by turning to "moral rights," a legal concept dating back to the French Revolution. It permits artists to block the public display of their work in a defaced or modified form. Moral rights are also embodied in the Berne Convention, the in-



The dividing line: *Tilted Arc* is the newest art world battleground

Profile

MAKING THINGS HAPPEN

You can call **ROBERT STRAUSS** a power broker or a troubleshooter or a consummate political trader, but if you call him a "fixer," don't expect him to call you back

Shortly after the Iran-*contra* scandal broke in late 1986, Nancy Reagan became concerned that her husband was not sufficiently alert to the political danger and arranged to have a few people brought in to explain things. To avoid publicity, the White House instructed the guests to report to the Treasury building. From there they were led through an underground tunnel to the adjacent White House. Robert S. Strauss, a former Democratic national chairman and also a frequent luncheon companion of the First Lady, was one of the group. He reports that he pulled no punches with the President. The result? Well, let Strauss describe it. "The President could not have been more gracious," says he, "and could not have ignored my advice more effectively."

Oh, well. Bob Strauss is not one to dwell on his failures. As a consummate inside political trader, perhaps the last of the breed, he never lacks new challenges. His predecessors, all the great political bosses and power brokers of the past—Daley, Meany, Rayburn, Johnson—are gone now, their reputations eroded by the winds of calamity and reform. Yet if today's prefab candidates and uneasy partisanism make some voters long for the old smoke-filled rooms, they can take heart: the legacy of the backstage impresarios lives on in Strauss.

A lawyer and veteran of hothouse politics, Texas style, Strauss has a way, as he puts it, of "getting things done and making things happen." To some that means "influence peddling." To others Strauss has become, at 69, Washington's pre-eminent cutter of Gordian knots. And if a dead-lock develops at the Democratic Convention this summer, some Washingtonians think Strauss will be the keeper of the keys. In fact, a few of his closest friends—with awks-encouragement from Strauss—want him to be the nominee.

The idea, of course, is pretty farfetched. Besides, though Strauss would disagree, the Oval Office might cramp his style. Is Mikhail Gorbachev in town? Strauss—and Gorbachev—are at Mrs. Reagan's table for the state dinner. (Helen Strauss, his wife of 46 years, is at a distant table, seated between Caspar Weinberger and Meadowlark Lemon of Harlem Globetrotters fame.) Is William F. Buckley using his TV show to conduct presidential campaign de-

bates? Strauss is co-Grand Inquisitor. When bad blood develops between House Speaker Jim Wright and Secretary of State George Shultz over Nicaragua, Strauss mediates. When a new bipartisan National Economic Commission is created, Strauss is quickly appointed and, thanks in no small part to his own efforts, elected co-chairman.

Strauss has gained influence by practicing politics the old-fashioned way. Whether he is pushing the Democrats' trade bill or trying to get federal help for Texas banks and savings and loans (including one in which he has an interest) or acting as a middleman for the U.S. and Canada on bilateral trade, the techniques are the same: press flesh, build relationships, probe for strengths and weaknesses. If he can't shake your hand, he'll give you a call. Strauss spends hours a day on the phone, staying in touch with his network of friends, his cello-like Texas drawl coming through as either a low, world-weary growl or a tone much higher on the scale when he's angry or excited. His conversations are laced with humor or biting sarcasm. "Listen, you sumbitch," he barks to a friend, "you've got a problem, and I'm going to tell you how to solve it."

"People will tell you," he says, "that Strauss is loyal to a fault." Yes, many will say that, if he doesn't beat them to it. And they'll relate his many personal kindnesses. Others will say, privately, that he's a fraud, an egomaniac, that his reputation is rooted more in legend than in fact, that he is too often the weather vane and too rarely the wind.

There's some truth in all of it, but there is no denying Strauss's reputation as a doer. He has never held elective office and has not even been in Government since he was Jimmy Carter's special trade representative and roving Middle East ambassador. But his circle of friends is as wide as any in Washington. Sit long enough in his law office on New Hampshire Avenue and you will hear him deal with a dazzling cross section of Washington's notables in both parties, from Senate Majority Leader Bob Byrd to Treasury Secretary James Baker to Newspaper Columnist Robert Novak. Says George Christian, press secretary in Lyndon Johnson's White House: "One of Strauss's many strengths is that although he's a good Democrat, he can also be bipartisan when the situation requires it." Perhaps Speaker Wright had something like that in mind when he offered this toast to Strauss at a recent private dinner: "It's an honor to have with us a close friend of the next President of the United States—*whoever* the hell he may be."

Bob Strauss relishes that kind of ribbing, and knows exactly who he is. Today he sports Savile Row suits and \$250 English shoes, but he grew up in the tiny town of Stamford, Texas. Neither of his parents was especially religious, but as Strauss once said, "A poor Jewish kid from West Texas learns early how to survive." His father, Charles Strauss, was an aspiring concert pianist who emigrated from Germany in 1915. Landing in New York City, he took a job as a traveling piano salesman. On a swing through Texas, he met and fell in love with Edith Schwartz. The couple married, and Charles Strauss opened a dry-goods store in Stamford that, if it didn't keep the family from being poor, did keep them from being impoverished. There were two children, Robert and his brother Ted, 62, now a businessman married to the mayor of Dallas, Annette Strauss.

Bob Strauss's mother was a strong woman who often minded the family store while her husband listened to opera on the radio or, better yet, traveled to performances in Dallas. Edith urged young Bobby to become a lawyer as a first step to becoming, in her view, the "first real Jewish



Profile

politician" in Texas. Her son, dutiful and smart, won undergraduate and law degrees from the University of Texas. That's also where he met Helen Jacobs, the daughter of a well-off Dallas businessman, whom he married in 1941. Following a World War II stint as an FBI agent, Strauss and an old college chum, Richard Gump, opened a Dallas law office.

Another college friend was John Connally, whom Strauss long served as a backstage adviser and fund raiser. After Connally became Governor of Texas in 1963, he appointed Strauss to the state bank board, then helped him become a Democratic national committeeman. Meanwhile, Strauss's law firm was thriving, and Strauss was getting rich through investments in radio stations, real estate and banking. By 1970 it was time to move to Washington.

From the moment Strauss hit town, first as Democratic Party treasurer and two years later as chairman, he showed he could both get things done and promote himself when he did. With the backing of such traditionalists as the AFL-CIO's George Meany, Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley and Senator Henry M. ("Scoop") Jackson, Strauss set out to cut the Democrats' massive debt and reconcile their warring factions. He did both impressively and presided over the 1976 convention that nominated Jimmy Carter for President.

Strauss tells a story about those days to illustrate the way he operates. At the Democrats' 1974 mid-term convention in Kansas City, with reformers threatening to walk out because Strauss was trying to enhance the role of party regulars, he began a furious round of negotiations. When Daley told him he had given too much away, Strauss replied, "Well, Mr. Mayor, I'll tell you, I feel like a second-story burglar, just climbin' out the window with two-thirds of the jewels, knowing the rest are still on the nightstand. I'm just hopin' I can get away before the damn ladder breaks." Then, as now, Strauss takes what he can, gives what he has to—and toots his horn like crazy.

These traits don't always endear him to others. A few accuse him, but off the record, of ethical lapses. More persuasively, some Democrats think he confuses what's good for Strauss with what's good for the party. Says Ted Van Dyk, a former aide to Hubert Humphrey and Walter Mondale: "Bob has given a lot to, and been loyal to, the Democratic Party. But regrettably he's most interested in it when he's in charge." There are even people who think his claims to power are bogus. His reply: "Yesterday I had lunch with George Shultz, the day before with Alan Greenspan. And the day before that I spent three hours on the phone with Jim Wright. Do you think they would spend that kind of time with me if they didn't think I had something to offer?" At another point, he says, "I have a basic sense of ethics, decency and integrity. I never cheat on personal relationships, and I never cheat on political relationships." Then he adds, "Am I overrated? Of course. Did I help create that situation? Of course. I'm that good."

Strauss's admirers, famous and obscure, are as effusive as his critics are harsh. A receptionist in his Dallas office, Marie Hevle, near tears as she recounts the things

he did when personal and family problems beset her, calls him the "greatest friend I've ever had." Says she: "I probably never would have made it without him." The owner of a Mexican restaurant in Dallas, whom Strauss helped get started, welcomes him with a hug when he comes for dinner. Comments Christian: "People get far more out of Strauss than he ever gets out of them."

If Strauss's ego is legendary—"I [Menachem] Begin was intrigued, captivated by me... [Anwar] Sadat was crazy about me, and I him"—it masks a rather touching insecurity and desire for acceptance. "What I've worked for," he says, "is to earn the respect of people I respected." Thus when a prominent Washington journalist once described him as a "fixer," Strauss fumed. "I detest that word, and I detest that son of a bitch for using it! It sounds cheap. It's not me. I don't know how to fix anything. Hell, I've never even fixed a traffic ticket...! What I do is help make the Government work."

Ask him to sum up Bob Strauss in a sentence, and he replies, "At peace with himself." Maybe. He has plenty of creature comforts: private planes, limousines, luxurious apartments in Washington, Dallas and Florida's Bal

Harbour (where his neighbors include friends like G.O.P. Presidential Candidate Bob Dole and Reagan's chief of staff, Howard Baker). There is also a summer "cottage" in Del Mar, Calif., where he and Helen indulge their passion for gambling at the local racetrack. He's on five corporate boards, his law firm is among the most sought-after in Washington, and the Strausses' three children are grown.

But is he "at peace"? Not if ambition is a guide. When some of his close friends insist that instead of negotiating for others at a deadlocked convention, he should be the nominee, they are preaching to the choir. Strauss's rational side tells

him that his age, his state and the fact that he is Jewish, to name only three factors, are insurmountable hurdles. Besides, he claims to doubt that the convention will be deadlocked and insists that if it is, New York Governor Mario Cuomo is a more likely nominee. "I told Cuomo the other day," he says, "that Texans don't like guys named Mario, or guys named Cuomo, or guys from Queens. And they don't like liberals. But you could carry Texas."

Still, Strauss dares to hope. "I would be a great President," he says. "I know how to move this country."

Late one recent evening, Strauss was flying in a private plane from Dallas to Austin. There he would deliver a lecture on politics at his alma mater and afterward attend a black-tie "roast" of himself and fellow Texan James Baker. Below was the black Texas prairie, ahead the glow of Austin, where his career began. It was nearly midnight; Strauss was tired. "Sometimes I feel old," he said. So why not retire? He shook his head almost sadly. "What would I do then?" It was as close to introspection as he ever gets. "I'd just shrink," he said. He looked out the window of the plane into the darkness and added, "You don't know how quickly the telephones can stop ringing, and the invitations stop coming."

Bob Strauss had just described his vision of hell.

—By Stanley W. Cloud

IS HE "AT PEACE"? NOT IF AMBITION IS A GUIDE. WHEN

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Press

The Kids on the Bus

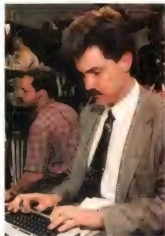
Too many candidates and too little money spawn a new TV breed

As the audience fills the cavernous chapel of Atlanta's Spelman College to hear Presidential Aspirant Jesse Jackson, Nils Kongshaug of CBS News is already seated in the back, notebook at the ready, savoring the gospel choir. "One thing that's great about the Jackson campaign is the music," observes Kongshaug, who has been traveling with the candidate since January. "Sometimes I'm disappointed when the gospel music ends and Jackson begins." Still, Kongshaug quickly adds, having to sit through the same impassioned speech several times a day is better than his previous CBS assignment, answering phones for the *Evening News*.

Meet the latest innovation in network political coverage: the off-air reporter-producer and all-around campaign shadow. With no front runners and no bottomless buckets of money, the networks decided at the outset against deploying a correspondent and camera crew with each of the 13 candidates. But ABC and CBS still wanted a daily presence on the campaign bus. So each created high-tech updates of the newspaper cub reporter. Mostly less experienced, and therefore less expensive, the tyros have been assigned, in campaign parlance, to stick with the "body." From Iowa to New Hampshire and across the South, these body watchers have doggedly followed their men, briefing higher-ranking correspondents and producers, who use the on-scene intelligence for broader, more thematic coverage. "If you want to know how Dick Gephardt's speech is different today from yesterday," says CBS's Terry Stewart, 29, "you are not going to ask Dan Rather. You're going to ask Terry Stewart."

In fact, the minutiae of what the shadows know make them a valued resource for the rest of the press corps as well. "She's a campaign institution," says Los Angeles Times Reporter Robert Gillette of ABC's Marianne Keeley, 28, who covers Jackson. Nonstop involvement with a campaign can cause problems; executives back in New York City have occasionally had to warn about getting too close to a candidate. But the body watchers' unceasing presence has also led to scoops. At a Florida stop two weeks ago, ABC's Dan Noyes, 29, previously a producer on *Good Morning America*, in-

structed a cameraman to shoot Dole Campaign Chairman William Brock talking to two top aides. Later that day the aides told him Brock had fired them while ABC was filming. Noyes quickly got an affiliate station to tape an interview. That night *World News Tonight* was the only show to feature pictures of the fir-



Off-air, on-scene experts: CBS's Stewart with a colleague; ABC's Noyes

ing with comments from one of the aides.

The emergence of local TV news and communications satellites help make the new system possible. With local stations picking up each candidate wherever he goes, the blanket network coverage of previous years is redundant. If major news occurs when a network camera is not rolling, the candidate watcher can send in tape from a local affiliate via satellite the same day. "Local stations have become so reliable," says Joseph Angotti, chief of NBC's election coverage, "that we don't feel we need to have a correspondent and crew with the candidate all the

time." The network did not assign anyone permanently to any campaign until after last month's New Hampshire primary.

ABC is fielding a slightly older, more seasoned team than CBS. "We would never send out a desk assistant," sniffs ABC's Keeley, who was an associate producer on the network's weekend news shows. Unlike their CBS counterparts, ABC's shadows are outfitted with laptop computers, which they use to file detailed memos and logs to a central computer. Noyes is the 1988 campaign's equivalent of James Bond. Inside a canvas flight bag,

he carries not only the computer but also a portable letter-quality printer, microcassette recorder, still camera and tiny color TV set. Last week, while listening to Dole's speech in Jackson, Miss., Noyes tapped out a radio spot on his computer. Later, during a rally in Fort Lauderdale, he monitored ABC's evening news.

The biggest worry of the new kids on the bus last week was what would happen to them after Super Tuesday. Some, like the candidates they have been covering, are sure to return to old pursuits. If the field dwindles dramatically, a correspondent may be assigned to each of the surviving candidates. The body watchers were warned, says CBS *Evening News* Executive Producer Tom Bettag, that "when midnight strikes, they all turn into pumpkins." But executives already consider the Cinderella experiment a success. "They exceeded all our expectations," says Hal Bruno, ABC's political director. Correspondent Bob Schieffer was at first concerned that CBS was scrimping. Now he is an unabashed booster of the new system. "If we had all the money we needed to cover the campaign, I would recommend doing it exactly as we did it this time."

By Laurence Zuckerman.

Reported by Nausaad S. Mehta/New York

Loaded Ad



In 1984 John Wayne Hearn put a classified ad in *Soldier of Fortune* seeking "high risk assignments" and other work for ex-Marines and weapons specialists. Robert Black Jr. saw it and ended up hiring Hearn to murder his wife Sandra for \$10,000. Both were

convicted of the crime. But Sandra Black's mother and 18-year-old son also blamed *Soldier of Fortune* and filed a \$22.5 million negligence suit against the combative, Rambo-lining magazine. Last week a federal jury in Houston ordered the magazine to pay \$9.4 million in damages. "We're sending out a message to other publishers that ads placed in a certain context can be very dangerous," said the jury's foreman. The magazine will appeal, arguing that free speech would be inhibited if it had to scrutinize every ad message for veiled implications.

Newswatch

Thomas Griffith

Being Candid About Deception

By common consent, this has been a sorry campaign. With Super Tuesday's passing this week, it is dawning on the public that instead of being turned off by all the candidates, it now must recognize that one among them may be the next President. As the campaign enters this new phase, one reassuring fact goes unrecognized: how well the press is doing at showing the campaign as it actually is.

Theater is the clue to understanding how we are choosing the successor to our first actor President. This may be one of Reagan's lasting legacies. Onstage the candidates offer performances of calculated civility, feigned rage and planned ad libs. Backstage the underlying hostility is real enough, among competitors not that far apart on the issues. It surfaces in moments of phony drama contrived to catch another fellow off guard, breaking the rhythms of his planned explanations and evasions. This the public sees in the televised debates; but with more candor and detail than in past campaigns, the press has been able to report the strategies behind the tactics. First comes incessant polling to test a rival's vulnerabilities, then the devising of advertising slogans and one-liners for the candidate to exploit such weaknesses. Candidates call press conferences to exhibit their latest negative commercials, while consultants explain their psychological subtleties. Campaign strategists boast how they put in the candidate's mouth his most successful ad libs. It is as if acknowledging phinness makes it honest.

One explanation for the increased candor is that this is the first election in 20 years in which a sitting President is not running. In an overcrowded field only now beginning to narrow, candidates and their strategists have all had to be supplicants for the press's attention. How odd that a significant campaign moment should be the Bush camp's decision to sash back CBS's Dan Rather and that Bush should proudly describe the encounter as "Tension City."

Such "big" moments illustrate how much this is a campaign of the technicians. The candidates talk not of issues

and programs but of their self-proclaimed character and capacity for leadership and of their rivals' flaws. For this, Hodge Carter III, writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, blames the electorate: "Whatever tendencies any of them might have to talk turkey to the voters is withered by the clear evidence that the voters are not yet ready to hear it... They know the day of accountability is coming, but they are in no hurry to reach it." But you can't play "morning in America" again either.

Unrepresentative as the small samplings of opinion in Iowa and New Hampshire were, they did put all candidates through the same hoops and pressures. (Perhaps the major failing of press reporting of these races is the way it played the game of candidates doing Better Than Expected or worse, which may tell more about the accuracy of small-scale polling than it does about shifts in opinions.) The candidates themselves have gradually changed; once as vulnerable as soft-shell crabs, they were unprepared for unexpected questions; now they have grown hard shells able to withstand attack. They are practiced at countering tough questions with an answer that suffices even if it does not satisfy. Soon they will even be able to han-

dle ABC's aggressive Sam Donaldson, who in a poll by the *Washington Journalism Review* has again been chosen by press colleagues as television's best reporter.

The lackluster list of presidential candidates suggests that they don't make them like George Washington anymore. But the way Washington's reputation was gilded by his contemporaries reminds us that they don't make them like Parson Weems anymore either. Weems, as a moralizing biographer, reported an anti-environmental action by young George Washington (chopping down a cherry tree) in order to absolve him of attempting a cover-up. Having witnessed too many flawed presidencies recently, the press is in no such mood to soften its searching examination of a candidate's deeds and character. The mythmaking, or even the celebration of a President's heroic qualities, has to come much later.



Parson Weems

Milestones

EXPECTING. Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, 30, daughter of President John F. Kennedy and Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, and a third-year student at Columbia Law School, and Edwin Schlossberg, 42, the president of a New York City design firm specializing in museum interiors and exhibitions: their first child; in June.

SENTENCE COMMUTED. Jean-Bédel Bokassa, 67, deposed megalomaniacal ruler of the Central African Empire (now Republic) by that nation's President, André Kolingba, who commuted Bokassa's death sentence to life imprisonment; in Bangui. The self-proclaimed Emperor was overthrown in 1979, after the deaths in custody of more than 100 schoolchildren who had protested a government ruling that they purchase expensive school uniforms from a factory owned by his wife. Reportedly, he beat 17 children to

death. Returning from exile in France to face charges that ranged from murder to cannibalism to embezzlement, he was convicted last year for ordering the deaths of at least 20 political opponents.

DIED. Harvey Kuenn, 57, American League batting champion in 1959 (average: .353) and manager of the Milwaukee Brewers in 1982 and '83; of a heart attack; in Peoria, Ariz. Kuenn's Brewers won the American League pennant in 1982 but lost the World Series to the St. Louis Cardinals. As shortstop for the Detroit Tigers, Kuenn was named American League Rookie of the Year in 1953. In 1960 he was traded to the Cleveland Indians for Stagger Rocky Colavito, a swap that stirred up fans in both cities.

DIED. Jean Le Poulain, 63, celebrated French actor and, since 1986, administra-

tive director of the world-famous Comédie Française; of a heart attack; in Paris. Le Poulain moved effortlessly from the farces of Feydeau and satires of Molière to the tragedies of Shakespeare.

DIED. Franco Scalapandrea, 89, pre-eminent textile designer and manufacturer; in Plandome Manor, N.Y. His fabrics have been used in more than 1,000 historical restorations, including the White House and San Simeon. William Randolph Hearst's castle on the California coast.

DIED. Sewall Wright, 98, geneticist whose groundbreaking research gave a mathematical foundation to the 19th century theories of evolution of Charles Darwin and Gregor Mendel; in Madison, Wis. Wright completed his celebrated work, *Evolution and the Genetics of Populations*, in 1968, when he was 79.

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Show Business

COVER STORY

Up, Up and Awaaaay!!!

America's favorite hero turns 50, ever changing but indestructible

Behold, I teach you the superman. The superhero is the meaning of the earth.

—Friedrich Nietzsche

"I'm lying in bed counting sheep when all of a sudden it hits me. I conceive a character like Samson, Hercules and all the strong men I heard tell of rolled into one. Only more so."

—Jerome Siegel

Where do enduring legends come from? Where do mythical heroes come from? Where do classic works of popular art come from?

"As a high school student," Jerry Siegel once recalled, "I thought that some day I might become a reporter, and I had crushes on several attractive girls who either didn't know I existed or didn't care I existed.... It occurred to me: What if I... had something special going for me, like jumping over buildings or throwing cars around or something like that?"

Great ideas, even when they seem to come all at once, actually emerge from a tangled undergrowth. Siegel, a scrawny, bespectacled teenager who was then drifting through Cleveland's Glenville High School, worked as a delivery boy for \$4 a week, gave part of the money to help support his impoverished family and invested much of the rest in the adventures of Tarzan, Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon. Imitating and burlesquing such heroes, he began concocting science-fiction tales that he mimeographed and sold to other students. One of Siegel's lesser creations was a story called *The Reign of the Superman*, which featured an evil scientist with a

bulb head. Superman as villain? The thought is enough to make posterity shudder. But this was not the stuff of greatness. It was only during a sleepless summer night in 1934, after Siegel had graduated, that the grand inspiration came: Superman as hero.

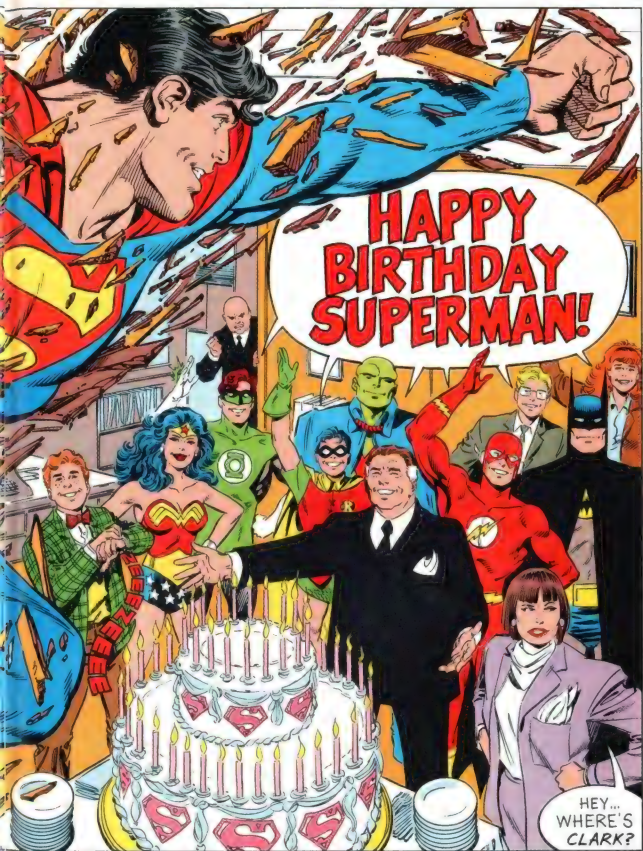
It was a heroic scenario: the explosion of the doomed planet Krypton, the miraculous escape of the infant son of a Kryptonian scientist, the discovery of the baby's spaceship by an elderly couple near the Midwestern town of Smallville. And the gradual revelations of the child's superhuman strength, the foster parents' exhortation that he "must use it to assist humanity," the youth's adoption of a dual identity—the mild-mannered, blue-suited newspaper reporter, Clark Kent, and the red-caped, blue-haired Superman, the man of steel. And Lois Lane, the toothsome fellow reporter who attached herself to the Superman-Kent duo, loving the one and snubbing the other.

Siegel went running to the house of his classmate and neighbor, Joe Shuster, the equally penniless son of a tailor from Toronto, and the two of them worked all day—Siegel writing and Shuster drawing—until they had finished no fewer than twelve newspaper strips. Then they set forth to sell their new hero to the waiting world, which proved utterly indifferent. "A rather immature piece of work," said United Feature. "Crude and hurried," said Esquire Features. Even at Detective Comics, which finally bought the feature after much argument and delay to help launch Action Comics four years later, Publisher Harry Donenfeld looked at the first cover, of

JIMMY! I CAME AS SOON AS I HEARD THE ALARM FROM YOUR SIGNAL WATCH! WHAT'S...

WHAT...?!





Superman lifting a car over his head (a treasure that now can fetch \$35,000 from collectors), and delivered his verdict: "Ridiculous."

Woke up this morning, what do I see?

Robbery, violence, insanity...

Superman, Superman...

I want to fly like Superman.

—The Kinks

Today, of course, Superman is an institution. After a half-century of crime-busting adventures in Action Comics and Superman Comics (as well as in some 250 newspapers), 13 years of radio shows, three novels, 17 animated cartoons, two movie serials of 15 installments each, a TV series of 104 episodes, a second animated-cartoon series of 69 parts, a Broadway musical and five feature films (not to mention a hoar of shows featuring Superboy, Supergirl and even Krypto, the Superdog; not to mention, for that matter, a plunder of spin-offs and by-products: Superman T-shirts, Superman rings, Superman bed sheets, the man of steel is now, well, unique.

"He is our myth, the American myth," says Screenwriter David Newman, who collaborated on the Broadway musical and three of the films. "When we first started writing *Superman I*, some

friends said, 'What are you doing that for?' And I said, 'If I were an English screenwriter and I were writing about King Arthur, you wouldn't be asking that.'" John Byrne, who actually is an English-born writer but now turns out the monthly scripts and drawings for the Superman comic books, calls his hero the "ultimate American success story—a foreigner who comes to America, and is more successful here than he would ever be anywhere else." But though Superman lives in America (mainly), he is a hero all over the world. One admirer, Science-Fiction Writer Harlan Ellison, has estimated that there are only five fictional creations known in practically every part of the earth: Tarzan, Sherlock Holmes, Mickey Mouse, Robin Hood and Superman.

So, bravo! *Bravissimo!* For last week the man of steel celebrated the grand milestone of his 50th birthday. Technically, it was not exactly the occasion of his birth, for April 1938 was when he made his debut on the cover of the first issue (dated June) of Action Comics. If he was then about 25, as he looked, he would actually now be 75, his superbody weak and weary, his X-ray vision dimmed. But since he still looks about 25, he can be said to be timeless, immortal. And although nobody is sure exactly how old he is, there is a tradition that his birthday falls on Feb. 29 (the leap-year

day appropriate to Lois Lane's repeated efforts to get him to marry her).

CBS broadcast a prime-time special on the great day, and DC Comics rented part of Manhattan's Puck Building to throw a big party; several thousand fans came to watch favorite film clips, buy balloons and nibble on birthday cake. The observances will continue throughout the year, starting with the anniversary of Action Comics next month. The Smithsonian's exhibition of *Supermanabilia* will run until June in Washington. In Metropolis, Ill., they are refurbishing for summer visitors the large statue that proclaims the dubious proposition that this is "Superman's hometown." And in Cleveland, which really is Superman's hometown, a booster club that calls itself the Neverending Battle is planning an international Superman exhibition and a ticker-tape parade down Euclid Avenue in June.

One of the happiest additions to the birthday celebrations is the publication of a charming book titled *Superman at Fifty: The Persistence of a Legend*, edited by Dennis Dooley and Gary Engle (Octavia Press; \$16.95), which provides nostalgics with a cotton-candy dose of Superman lore. Like the proposition that Superman's sun sign is Leo. Or that he voted for Reagan in the past two elections. Or that one of his leaps over a skyscraper would



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require an acceleration force 20,000 times his weight and thus would cause hurricanes that would flatten any bystanders. The book also tackles trickier questions, like whether Superman is still a virgin. Also, is Superman Jewish? His creators are, and Dr. Joseph Goebbels is reputed to have denounced the man of steel as a non-Aryan, but one of the book's contributors boldly answers, "To be honest, no. The man has all the ethnicity of Formica." And is there anything that Superman cannot do? Yes, since his superskin is invulnerable, he cannot get a vaccination or a tattoo. "And," adds another essayist, "since he can't get a blood test, he can't get a marriage license."

Superman at Fifty finally settles the identity of the girl who served as the inspiration for Lois Lane. It was not Siegel's schoolmate Lois Long, who sang in the choir, or Lois Donaldson, an editor of the *Glennville H.S. Torch*. It was Lois Amster, the class beauty, who hardly glanced at either Siegel or Shuster. "She's a grandmother now in Cleveland," according to Shuster, "but I don't think she has any idea that she was the inspiration."

Oh, yes, she does. And when asked if she would have laughed at Siegel and Shuster if either of them had asked her for a date, she smiles and says, "Probably." Married for 46 years to retired Insurance

Agent Robert Rothschild, she reveals that she never had any interest in being a newspaper reporter. "You know what I wanted to be? A detective."

The only Superman enthusiasts not taking part in the current festivities are Siegel and Shuster, both 73, living three blocks from each other in retirement in Los Angeles, Siegel suffering from a heart condition and Shuster legally blind. When DC Comics bought their creation 50 years ago, it acquired all rights, initially paying them only \$10 a page for their work in writing and drawing. When the first issue sold out, and sales of subsequent issues soon climbed to 250,000 copies each, the two men sued for their rights. DC Comics dropped them, and the courts ruled against them.

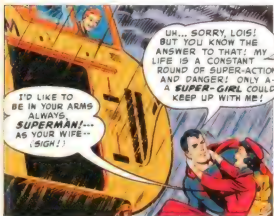
Their litigation dragged on until the late '70s, when Warner Communications, which by then owned DC and wanted to make a movie version, paid off the creators with \$20,000 a year for life. (Superman's estimated overall value, more than \$1 billion.) Siegel and Shuster agreed to keep the peace, but they are giving no interviews and joining no celebrations. "They are just in such pain over this situation," says Thomas Andrae, a Berkeley sociologist who knows them, "particularly as it gets closer to the anniversary."

Clark Kent personifies fairly typically the average reader who is harassed by complexes and despised by his fellow men... any accountant in any American city secretly feels the hope that one day there can spring forth a superhero who is capable of redeeming years of mediocre existence.

—Semiotician and Novelist (*The Name of the Rose*) Umberto Eco

Although Superman's adventures were a fairly crude story, fairly crudely illustrated, their overnight success not only earned millions but also created shoals of imitators, such as Batman, Captain Marvel, Hawkman, Green Lantern and Wonder Woman. "Oddly enough," says cartoonist Jules Feiffer, "the Depression enlivened the American dream that anyone could make it, and that's what Superman did. I loved the fantasy of this guy who had all this strength. While Superman went around beating up crooks, in my dreams I was beating up authority figures."

But if Superman was a reassuring hero for troubled times, for the Depression and the coming World War, why has he endured so long? Partly because troubled times have endured in other forms, and partly because he has always had qualities that go beyond the flying fists. He was orphaned, and thus forced to rely on himself, just like Little Orphan Annie



Superman's bullet-resistant chest and X-ray eyes helped win World War II and also brought romance with Lois, Lori and Wonder Woman

Show Business

or Huck Finn. He is a foreigner from outer space in a land built by foreigners. And he is one of the good guys, fighting for "truth, justice and the American way," which seems to many people a very good thing to do. Superman's violence is never cruel, however; he punches villains but rarely does them any real harm. His greatest powers are exerted to deflect violence, by stepping in front of bullets, say, or moving huge objects out of harm's way.

In some ways, Superman's relentless virtue goes even beyond virtue. In his extraterrestrial origins and the shining purity of his altruism, some commentators have detected a divine aura. "Superman, I've always thought, is an angel," says Andrew Greeley, gadfly Roman Catholic priest and best-selling novelist. "Probably the angel stories found in all of the world's religions are traces of the work in our world of Superman and his relatives. Who is to say I'm wrong?" Proponents of the angel theory believe it is no accident that when Superman is in full flight, his flared collar and flowing cape resemble wings.

Such speculation goes even further. Experts have pondered the fact that Superman's original Kryptonian name, Kal-El, resembles Hebrew syllables meaning "all that God is." Greek and Norse mythology have been invoked to show that Superman resembles a god who comes to earth and walks among men in mortal guise. Screenwriter Newman sees yet more exalted implications in the legend. "It begins with a father who lives up in heaven, who says, 'I will send my only son to save earth.' The son takes on the guise of a man but is not a man. The religious overtones are so clear."

In secular terms too, Superman represents something quite special. "It's very hard for me to be silly about Superman," says Christopher Reeve, who plays the role in the movies, "because I've seen firsthand how he actually transforms people's lives. I have seen children dying of brain tumors who wanted as their last request to talk to me, and have gone to their graves with a peace brought on by knowing that their belief in this kind of character is intact. I've seen that Superman really matters. It's not Superman the tongue-in-cheek cartoon character they're connecting with; they're connecting with something very basic: the ability to overcome obstacles, the ability to persevere, the ability to understand difficulty and to turn your back on it."

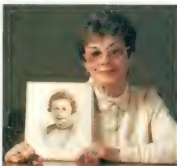
"O Superman, O Judge, O Mom and Dad. Hi. I'm not home right now, but if you want to leave a message, just start talking at the sound of the tone."

—Laurie Anderson

Americans are inclined to think they know Superman and know him well and have known him forever. In fact, we hardly know Superman at all, for the details of his life have been changed again and again, according to either the whims of

his owners or the demands of the market. His originally nameless father on Krypton, for example, became Jor-L, then Jor-El (and eventually Marlon Brando). His employer in Metropolis, before it was the *Daily Planet*, was the *Daily Star* and then the *Evening News*. His Luciferian arch-enemy Luthor, the mad scientist who wants to conquer the world, once had red hair, then became bald, then reacquired red hair; in the movies he was played as a buffoon, but now he has turned into a reasonably sane but incurably wicked conglomerate tycoon. Superman is also vul-

perior being has to be sexless; furthermore, it must be thought a taboo or a desecration even to look upon him/her as a sex object." Although Superman over the years has generally remained impervious to Lois Lane's wiles, he has succumbed occasionally to other entanglements. In the 1950s there was a handsome brunet named Lori, "mysterious as the sea," whom Clark rescued from her runaway wheelchair. She puzzled him by issuing orders to an octopus that had wrapped its tentacles around her, but he fell in love with her anyway and proposed. "Al-



Creators Siegel, left, and Shuster; Lois Amster with high school photo; Superman's 1938 debut



nerable to Kryptonite, the stuff that Krypton was made of, except when he is sometimes not vulnerable to Kryptonite. There is no longer one Superman, in other words, but half a dozen or more. The comic-book hero is different from the movie hero or the TV hero, and all of these differ from what Jerry Siegel imagined one sleepless night in 1934.

Nothing illustrates this mutability better than the delicate matter of Superman's sexuality. *Superman at Fifty* asserts that the essence of Superman is to remain perennially pure: "Virginity in a large part of what makes him so godlike.... The su-

perior being has to be sexless; furthermore, it must be thought a taboo or a desecration even to look upon him/her as a sex object." Because, as Superman soon learned, she was a mermaid (Lorelei?), and the reason she rode in a wheelchair was to hide her tail.

At one point during the age of suburban "togetherness," Superman's keepers actually married him off to Lois Lane, but they soon explained that the bride had only dreamed of her wedding. Since those keepers were generally desperate for new plot twists, they often assumed themselves by bringing in rivals to Lois. Lana Lang, for example, was an old acquaintance of Kent's from Smallville who applied for a

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job at the *Planet*. Then there was a Supergirl who appeared as a result of Cub Reporter Jimmy Olsen's making a wish over a Latin American idol. No sooner was she dispatched back to pre-Columbian limbo than it turned out that Krypton had not exploded all at once and that Superman's cute cousin Kara had also rocketed to earth as another Supergirl, a.k.a. Linda Lee. (Why all the females in *Superman* have names beginning with *L* remains unexplained, and might make a promising subject for a Ph.D. dissertation.)

In this month's 50th-anniversary issue of Action Comics, one episode opens with the man of steel indulging in a long and steamy kiss with Wonder Woman. After a good deal of fisticuffs and flying around, though, the tale ends with Superman saying "I was fooling myself when I thought there might be a chance for romance between the two of us, Wonder Woman.... I admire you, Wonder Woman."

a newspaper reporter on a spree? To eradicate all such problems, the screenwriters magically imbue his kiss with the power to make Lois forget her discovery

If I were asked to express in a single sentence what has happened mentally to many American children... I would say that they were conquered by Superman.

—Dr. Fredric Wertham, in *Seduction of the Innocent*

Much of Superman's complex evolution derived from his reincarnations in different media. On radio, for example, which could not show the red-caped hero in full flight, an imaginative scriptwriter dreamed up the deathless lines: "Faster than a speeding bullet! More powerful than a locomotive! Able to leap tall buildings in a single bound! Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Superman!" Because radio shows had to be per-

ers became more and more extravagant. Not only could he fly through space, but he could wrestle planets out of their orbits, and with his superbreath could extinguish a distant star.

More significant, it was time for Superman to move on from radio and comics and enter a new medium, time for a mere mortal to impersonate the man of steel on the screen. Kirk Alyn, an agile dancer, began appearing in Saturday serials in 1948, letting his voice drop by an octave each time he reached for his necktie and declared, "This looks like a job for Superman!"

But Hollywood's technology was still so rudimentary that when Alyn lifted his arms and cried, "Up, up and away!" only a spliced-in animated cartoon could show Superman in flight. "When I was Superman, I did it with my attitude," recalls Alyn, now 77. "In my mind, I'd visualized the guy I had heard on the radio. This was a guy nothing could stop. So that's why I



The first mortals to play Superman: Kirk Alyn stars with Noel Neill in the 1948 movie serial (with Pierre Watkin as editor and Tommy Bond as cub); George Reeves gets set in the 1950s TV show



an. I respect you. But I really am just a boy from Kansas." From which it seems clear that the comic-book Superman, at least, remains as squarely virtuous as ever.

The movie *Superman* is a different matter. He has to contend with Margot Kidder as a liberated Lois Lane who can look on him with an earthy yen ("How big are you?" she asks in a tone that even Superman can almost understand). In *Superman II* she throws herself into the Niagara River just above the falls to tempt Christopher Reeve's Clark Kent into revealing his identity by rescuing her. Kent avoids the trap by helping her out with a tree branch. Only when they are drying off in front of a fireplace does his failure to be scorched by a flame inspire Lois to try again. "You are Superman!"

Before they go any further, a message from Superman's mother tells him he must give up all his superpowers before he can get involved with a mortal. This raises a philosophic question of Thomist subtlety: Can the figure subsequently seen naked under the sheets with Lois be considered the real Superman? Or is he now just

formed by real people, and because Actor Bud Collyer demanded a vacation, the writers invented the Kryptonite meteorite. For two weeks, all that was heard of Superman was muffled moaning from a closet, until Collyer returned.

Partly, too, Superman evolved in response to changes in American society, starting with the cataclysm of World War II. In one misguided early effort, his creators had him fly to Berchtesgaden and Moscow and haul both Hitler and Stalin before a League of Nations tribunal in Geneva. Believers in verisimilitude began wondering how Superman avoided getting drafted. Simple. Clark Kent patriotically went to take his physical exam, but when he looked at the eye chart, his X-ray vision caused him to read figures from a chart in the next room. He was rated 4-F.

So Superman went back to catching Axis saboteurs. The Army sent his patriotic adventures to G.I.s around the world, but when they returned home, they wanted more *pizazz*. Superman's physical pow-

stood like this, with my chest out, and a look on my face saying 'Shoot me.' To demonstrate, the old man rises from his easy chair and adopts the Pose, and once again, Superman lives. "And by the way," Alyn adds, "I didn't wear any padding, the way the other guy did."

Yes, it is true: when Superman moved to television, where George Reeves first donned the cape in 1953, his bulging muscles were made of foam rubber. No matter. There are plenty of viewers who can still recite, at any mention of Reeves in his foam-rubber muscles, a quasi-liturgical text: "... Strange visitor from another planet, who came to earth with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men. Superman! Who can change the course of mighty rivers, bend steel with his bare hands, and fight a never-ending battle for truth, justice and the American way!"

Reeves, a rather lardy figure, had serious acting aspirations (he had been one of the Tarleton twins in *Gone With the Wind*), and he felt that Superman was somehow beneath his dignity. He also disliked the need to diet for the role. He once

Show Business



Movie views: Superbaby (Jeff East) lifts truck before amazed Kents (Phyllis Thaxter and Glenn Ford); Christopher Reeve outsoars birds, planes; Lois Lane (Margot Kidder) gets her wish

referred to his heroic tights and cape as a "monkey suit." After growing famous as Superman, Reeves encountered great difficulty in finding work as anything else (the same problem ended the careers of Alyn and Noel Neill, who played a perky Lois Lane in both the serial and TV show). When he did get a minor part in *From Here to Eternity*, the preview audience guffawed. "Every time he appeared, they yelled again and again," says one witness, Jack Larson, who played Jimmy Olsen in the TV series. The producers cut Reeves' part to almost nothing. Reeves dutifully went on playing Superman, but when filming for the seventh season was about to begin, he shot himself.

"The attitudes of Superman to current social problems... reflect the strong-arm totalitarian methods of the immature and barbaric mind."

—Marshall McLuhan

Despite the success of the TV series, which is still being syndicated to this day, Superman had some bad times during the '50s and '60s. For all his superpowers, he proved quite helpless against the onslaughts of Dr. Fredric Wertham, one-time senior psychiatrist for New York City's department of hospitals and author of a widely read anticomics diatribe, *Seduction of the Innocent* (1953). Though much of Wertham's crusade was a commendable attack on the sadism in crime and horror comics, he denounced Superman before legislative committees on rather dubious political grounds. He attached weighty significance to the derivation of the name from Nietzsche, and to Nietzsche's supposed popularity among the Nazis. Wrote Wertham: "Superman (with a big S on his uniform—we should, I suppose, be thankful that it is not an SS) needs an endless stream of new submen, criminals and 'foreign-looking' people not only to justify his existence but even to make it possible."

The publishers responded to such attacks with a code, guaranteeing in effect that all comics would henceforth be as mild as milk (toast). But just as the publishers promised sweetness and light, the '60s began to demand "relevance." What had Superman's crime fighting ever done about civil rights or Viet Nam? Youthful eyes turned to the work of "underground" comic artists like R. Crumb, whose heroes used and acted out words that would have shocked the irretrievably respectable man of steel. Even in the swinging '60s, Superman's idea of a really strong expletive was "Great Scott!"

Then came, out of nowhere, nostalgia—including nostalgia for things the nostalgia lovers were too young to know. That mood gave rise to the first of the feature films in 1978, and suddenly Superman was soaring again. And this time, when Christopher Reeve waved his arms and pointed his heroic chin upward, he really seemed to take

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off over Metropolis. "Honest to God, I was disappointed by the flying," Reeve says of the TV version that he had seen as a boy. "I remember thinking, 'He's got to be lying on a glass table.' I wanted him to really fly." Reeve did his flights on an elaborate series of wires suspended from ceiling rails. These shots were then superimposed on footage taken from a helicopter. With such special effects, the film reportedly cost Warner's a then record \$40 million, but it earned \$245 million in the theaters.

*Bay-bee, I can fly like a bird
When you touch me with your eye.
Flying through the sky,
I never felt the same.
But I am not a bird,
And I am not a plane.
I am Superman.
It's easy when you love
me...*

—Barbra Streisand

As Superman evolved over the years, so, of course, did Lois Lane. Shuster's dream girl was a sketchy figure with bobbed hair and a working girl's hat; his successors filled her out a bit, made her almost glamorous; today she wears slacks, bangs and a look of grim determination. From the beginning she has been an object of her creators' male chauvinist sport. When she asks, in one of the very first comic-book installments, to cover the collapse of a crumbling dam, Planet Editor Perry White gruffly insists on sending the less experienced Clark Kent: "It's too important!—This is no job for a girl!" Lois reacts by tricking the devoted Clark ("Would you do me a favor?" "You know I'd do anything for you") into missing the big assignment so that she can grab it. Clark gets fired; Lois gets stuck in the path of a flood; only Superman can rescue them both, as he always does.

Some women profess to regard Lois as a pioneering role model, the only go-getting female reporter. (Older observers can recall that Brenda Starr has been tearing through the comic pages since 1940, and that real-life role models of the period included such famous bylines as Anne O'Hare McCormick, Martha Gellhorn, Dorothy Thompson, Genet, Marguerite Higgins and Dorothy Kilgallen.) As a chauvinist creation, Lois not only bungled most of her assignments and repeatedly double-crossed the faithful Clark, but also subordinated all professional demands to her one romantic obsession. After she parachutes into a flood, she tells her rescuer, "I'd like to be in your arms always, Superman! As your wife (sigh!)."

The latter-day comic-book Lois broke off from Superman in 1982 because their

relationship, such as it was, "didn't seem to be working anymore." But they remain friends. After a recent rescue, she offered him some white wine and brie. Lois has won a Pulitzer Prize. And she is dating none other than Lex Luthor, the onetime mad scientist, now transformed into the "most powerful man in Metropolis." This is liberation?

The cry for the Superman did not begin with Nietzsche, nor will it end with his vogue. But it has always been silenced by the same question: What kind of person is this Superman to be?

—George Bernard Shaw, in *Man and Superman*



One of the odd paradoxes about Superman is that while he is a hero of nostalgia, the constant changes in his character keep destroying the qualities that make him an object of nostalgia. "For one bright, brief moment, we had a hero right there, and then we lost him, dammit," laments one disillusioned enthusiast, Marshall Fishwick, who teaches communications at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. "You have to look back to the '30s for the real thing. There are too many M.B.A.s now and not enough Supermans."

The most radical alteration of Superman is also the newest, the work of Writer-Artist Byrne, 37, who redesigned him for DC Comics in 1986. Circulation had slumped below 100,000 copies a month (compared, for example, with nearly 500,000 for *Uncanny X-Men*), and DC

Comics President Jenette Kahn decided that "there was a coat of rust on the man of steel." She also knew that the audience for comics was changing. The corner candy store where kids used to buy comics has largely disappeared, and the kids have grown older. Today's buyers average about 20 and are apt to be science students or even engineers, "techies" with money to spend on modems, VCRs, quadraphonic sound and the book-length comics now known as graphic novels.

"We knew we were going to offend some people," says Byrne, "but the modern audience now wants a superhero who grunts, sweats and goes to the bathroom. He used to be a *superman*; now he's a *superman*."

Byrne's Clark Kent brushes his hair straight back and wears round glasses. He and Superman are also drawn quite differently, more cinematically and in more garish colors. Superman's superpowers have been modified, and to keep in shape he works out with weights. He reflects the contemporary vogue of male "sensitivity"; DC officials hint he may become involved with AIDS victims and the homeless.

There is in this a deplorable element that might be called adultification, in which a figure created for children is subjected to adult concerns, much as though Tom Sawyer or Alice in Wonderland were updated by being made to confront sexual problems. Yet despite the myriad changes in the legend, something strong and fundamental remains. DC Comics is delighted that its newest Superman has doubled sales, to 200,000, but that is a relatively paltry number compared with the millions who cherish an older image from their childhood.

This older image, this Classic Coke, the real Superman, is a figure who somehow manages to embody the best qualities in that nebulous thing known as the American character. He is honest, he tells the truth, he is idealistic and optimistic, he helps people in need. He not only fights criminals but is indifferent to those vices that so often lead the rest of us astray. Despite his heroic abilities, he is not vain. He is not greedy. He is not an operator, a manipulator, not an inside trader. He does not lust after power. And not only is he good, he is also innocent, in a kind and guileless way that Americans have sometimes been but more often have only imagined themselves to be.

This is what Reeve saw—and was touched by—in his encounters with his fans. This is why we can give three cheers and sing *Happy Birthday* to the man of steel on his more-or-less 50th. Let us just hope that he someday reaches 100.

—By Otto Friedrich
Reported by Beth Austin/Cleveland Janice C. Simpson/New York

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Medicine

Special Report: The Crisis In Nursing

Fed Up, Fearful And Frazzled

As a profession flounders, patient care is suffering

► December 1986. New York City. A patient at Montefiore Medical Center could have died when his tracheal breathing tube fell out. Reason: no one on the understaffed night shift heard the respirator alarm go off.

► February 1987. Los Angeles. Six days after being released from the Los Angeles County-University of Southern California Medical Center, a 39-year-old woman dies from complications suffered in a hospital-bed fire. Her family's contention: hurried nurses discovered the accident only after she had suffered burns on 40% of her body.

► January 1988. Louisville. For a time, by astonishing coincidence, none of the city's eleven hospitals can accept critically ill or injured patients. Reason: available beds in intensive-care units cannot be filled because not enough nurses are on duty.

From New York to Los Angeles, the nation's hospitals are locked in the grip of what could become the worst nursing shortage since World War II. Overworked and abysmally paid, growing numbers of America's 2 million registered nurses, 97% of whom are women, are trading in their bedpans for law books, ledgers and briefcases. The exodus of the exhausted comes at a time when nursing schools are reporting dramatic declines in enrollment and veteran nurses are loudly objecting to their working conditions. Paradoxically, however, there are more nurses employed now than ever before. Thanks to increasingly complex medical technology, an aging patient population and the worsening AIDS epidemic, the demand for nurses has never been greater.

Alarmed by gathering signs of a health-care disaster, Secretary of Health and Human Services Otis Bowen recently convened a special commission in Washington to find ways to revitalize the nursing profession. Almost simultaneously, retired Admiral James Watkins, the chairman of the presidential AIDS panel, called for federal programs to attract half a million more nurses by 1991 to treat AIDS patients and others who are chron-



High-tech care: adjusting a patient's breathing apparatus in Dallas

cally ill. Nurses on the job bluntly admit that patients entering U.S. hospitals these days may be risking their lives. "You should be worried if you or someone in your family has to check into a hospital," warns Mary Helen Clark, an intensive-care nurse at Einstein-Weiler Hospital in the Bronx. "There is not enough staffing



Desperation moves: on strike in Brooklyn

to cover shifts. Patient care is compromised all the time."

In desperation, nurses have taken to the streets to protest. In January, 3,200 nurses staged a 3½ day strike against the Los Angeles County public-hospital system. Hospitals in the New York City area have endured two strikes and four sick-outs in the past eight weeks alone. "You have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to know that there's a dangerous situation,"

says Emergency Room Nurse Renee Gestone, who picketed Brooklyn's Lutheran Medical Center last week. Adds fellow Striker Pat Stewart: "Some of the doctors are saying that we are morally wrong to go on strike, but is it any more morally wrong than if we are stretched out thin, giving bad care?"

"Who wants to go into nursing these days when there are so many better opportunities for women?" asks Adrienne Barmann, 27, a cancer nurse at Mount Sinai Medical Center in Miami Beach. For most registered nurses, the average beginning salary is \$21,000, yet 30-year veterans regularly earn less than \$30,000. Duties range from starting intravenous lines and bathing patients to such menial tasks as fixing TVs and taking out the garbage. Hospitals routinely require 50- and 60-hour workweeks. Little wonder, then, that enrollment in nursing schools has plummeted 20%, to less than 200,000 student nurses, since 1983. During that period, four of the nation's top nursing schools have closed their doors.

At the same time, advances in medical technology have dramatically increased nurses' responsibilities. Consider the neurological intensive-care unit of Chicago's Cook County Hospital. Cocooned in a bewildering array of intravenous lines, tubes and machines, each patient is desperately ill: 30 nurses are required to monitor and care properly for a group of nine patients around the clock. "Things can change rapidly," explains Mary O'Flaherty, the unit's nurse coordinator. "One moment a patient's intracranial pressures, blood pressure and cerebral-profusion pressure can be fine. The next moment you can start hearing bells."

Patients now require more attention outside the intensive-care unit as well. As part of a long overdue campaign to control soaring medical costs, most patients are released from the hospital faster, but the ones who remain are sicker—and usually older. The number of elderly patients has almost doubled in the past two decades. Result: more nurses are needed for fewer patients.

Medicine



A technician administering drugs in Houston

The AIDS epidemic has only made a bad situation worse. In New York City, AIDS patients already take up 9% of all available hospital beds. "Caring for AIDS patients is different from caring for any other sick person, make no mistake," says Donna Sudham, a senior nurse at the 20-bed AIDS unit of Sherman Oaks Community Hospital in Los Angeles. These patients tend to be sicker, their illnesses less predictable and their families more difficult to handle. Experimental treatments require close attention and study. "It's going to make everyone face the nursing shortage," says Jeanne Kalinoski, an AIDS nurse at a major New York City hospital. "If you have a heart attack in the emergency room, you might not get a bed because of the number of AIDS patients."

Officially, of course, the shortage has not really endangered people's lives. "Often the level of T.L.C. that a patient expects—the back rub, the hand holding—doesn't get done in today's intense environment," says Allan Anderson, president of Lenox Hill Hospital in Manhattan. "But I don't think there is any evidence that the quality of hospital care has deteriorated."

Nurses tell more troubling tales. Some are required to "float" into sections of the hospital where they have no experience; others must work beyond the point of exhaustion with no backup. Cook County Hospital's O'Flaherty contends that it is not at all unusual for a nurse to be confronted with two patients requiring emergency attention at the same time. Once on the scene, of course, nurses are legally liable; they cannot refuse to work, however impossible the situation. The only recourse for many is to fill out a form protesting the assignment. This does not absolve

them if something goes wrong, but it proves that the hospital knew about the situation. "Someone in the hospital fills out a form every night," says Einstein-Weiler's Clark.

What is the solution? Trying to attract young nurses by offering higher starting salaries is a first step. But the cost of constantly having to train new nurses drains the resources of virtually every major medical center. The money might be better spent on creating incentives for experienced nurses to stay. "Nurses who are competent and show potential for professional growth ought to be able to double their salaries in ten years and triple them by retirement," argues Judith Ryan, executive director of the American Nurses' Association, based in Kansas City. "That would make us competitive with other professions."

Many health-care experts believe the entire concept of nursing and the traditional role of the nurse must be radically redefined. For too long the medical community has depended on nurses as a source of cheap but versatile labor. "We need to define the professional nature of nurses more precisely and assign other people to positions where a nurse's professional and scientific background is not essential," says Dr. David Skinner, president of New York Hospital. It does not take a nursing degree, for example, to deliver a pill to a patient. Houston's M.D. Anderson Hospital sometimes uses medication technicians, not R.N.s, to dispense drugs to patients after nurses have verified the dose. Says Connie Curran, vice president for health-care management and patient services at the American Hospital Association (AHA) in Chicago: "Hospitals that are using registered nurses to answer telephones and do an incredible amount of paper work should hire a secretary and use nurses to nurse."

Naturally, such a revamped job description means more responsibility—and more respect. Nurses are often the first to spot trouble, make sense of a patient's

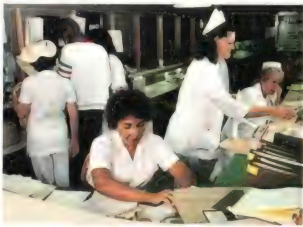


Helping AIDS victim in a San Francisco hospice

confusing symptoms or suggest a needed change in treatment. Yet acting on such observations has traditionally been the physician's purview. R.N.s must become full-fledged members of the team and be expected to engage in the medical give-and-take about patients' well-being. That role is never in doubt on the AIDS ward at Sherman Oaks Community Hospital, where doctors and nurses find themselves depending on one another to battle the deadly disease. Beth Israel Hospital in Boston has retained its reputation for first-rate care with an innovative program that gives each nurse primary responsibility for one or two patients.

Even so, nurses are not quite blameless in this crisis. If they want to be taken seriously in an era of high-tech medicine, they are going to have to get serious about educational norms and standardize training programs. Currently, students can choose to take an R.N. exam after completing courses that last from two to five years. And the pressure is on to expand less rigorous programs in order to produce more nurses. Says Paula Castonguay, a nurse recruiter at the University of Texas Medical Branch at Galveston: "It worries me that not only are we not going to have enough nurses, but the ones we get are going to be less qualified."

The medical community can no longer afford to chew up its nurses and spit them out. "The old attitude toward nurses—work long, work late, work hard—is just not going to attract people," says Debbie Davenport, a Los Angeles nurse. Agrees the AHA's Curran: "Nurses aren't content to be the housewives of the hospital anymore." Nor should they be. —By Christine Gorman. Reported by Barbara Dolan/Chicago and Jeanne Raiston/New York



Escalating demands: bustling nurses' station at North Miami hospital

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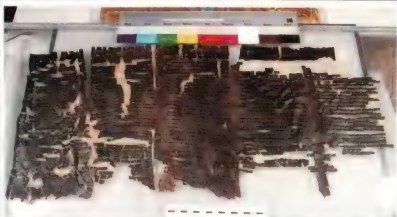
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Technology



The *Genesis Apocryphon*, one of the original Dead Sea Scrolls, before the detective work began

When the Dead Are Revived

Space-age techniques unravel a 2,000-year-old mystery

The day began badly for the team of American biblical scholars who had been granted a rare opportunity to examine and photograph a precious manuscript in Jerusalem's Shrine of the Book. Hunched over a swath of darkened and decomposing parchment with a powerful magnifying glass, they were barely able to discern a single letter. But that night, as they reviewed photo negatives still wet from the developing tank, their luck changed dramatically. Passages that had been invisible to the naked eye jumped out at them from the film. "It was a moment of exploding consciousness," recalls James Charlesworth, professor of New Testament languages at Princeton Theological Seminary. "You dare not hope, and then—bingo!—it springs into view. Whole sentences, paragraphs. Right from the time of Jesus!"

Charlesworth's enthusiastic reaction is understandable, for the text he was examining was not just any scrap of parchment. It was the legendary *Genesis Apocryphon*, one of the original seven rolls of inscribed sheepskin known as the Dead Sea Scrolls—and the only one whose contents are still largely unread. Unearthed in 1947 by Bedouin shepherds from rocky caves only 15 miles from Jerusalem, the Dead Sea Scrolls are considered by biblical archaeologists to be the greatest manuscript discovery ever made. Their texts, set down in Hebrew and Aramaic some 2,000 years ago, include long-lost originals of dozens of celebrated religious works, as well as the oldest known copies of Old Testament Scriptures.

But the scroll containing a narrative version of the book of *Genesis*

had deteriorated so badly that scholars despaired of ever uncovering its ancient secrets. That is, until the American team that included Charlesworth arrived in Jerusalem earlier this year. Armed with about 300 pounds of photographic equipment, the team hoped to analyze the aged parchment with sophisticated image-enhancement techniques developed by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to study the surfaces of distant planets. First they planned to photograph the scrolls using infrared and convention-

al film. Then they would use a computer to magnify and clarify the images. By these means they hoped to discover a line or two that had been overlooked when the document was first photographed in 1956.

At first glance, even that modest goal seemed too ambitious. The scroll, ravaged by moisture, had deteriorated further than they feared. "The first fragments we saw looked like someone had poured coffee all over them," recalls Charlesworth. "The leather had turned a kind of liquid, a black goo." Even the best-preserved swaths of text were peppered with tiny holes where acids in the ink had eaten all the way through the parchment. Says another member of the team, Bruce Zuckerman, director of the West Semitic Research Project at the University of Southern California: "Time has not been kind to the scroll. Like the *Titanic*, it is sinking."

Even so, the Americans did not give up. They mounted a camera above the scroll and, using powerful flashes and fast shutter speeds to lessen the chance of blurring, worked quickly to capture the document with nearly every imaginable combination of lighting and film. Some blocks of text were photographed as many as 70 times. The breakthrough came when the document was lit from behind and shot with a special Japanese-made infrared film. Recalls Zuckerman: "When we developed the first set of negatives, focusing on one column of text, we could immediately see stuff we couldn't see in earlier photographs." Adds Charlesworth: "The letters unfolded before our eyes like flowers opening up. It was breathtaking."

A total of about 4,000 images were shot in Jerusalem and carried back to Southern Cal for study. Only a few dozen have been developed so far, but they have already shed new light on the customs of the ancient Jews and the cultural backdrop against which Christianity developed. Most startling are new passages that record in great detail the physical beauty of Abraham's wife Sarah. These include descriptions of the contours of Sarah's breasts, which Charlesworth interprets as proof that Judaic culture was not as puritanical or repressed as many scholars have suggested.

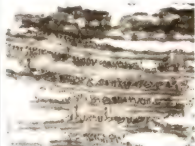
In another passage, Noah describes the first festival after the flood, speaking—significantly—in the first person: "I began to drink [wine] on the first day of the fifth year. Then I summoned my sons and the sons of my sons and the wives of all of us and their daughters, and we gathered together and went . . . to see the Lord of Heaven, to the God most high, to the great holy one, who saved us from ruin." The extended use of the first person



Zuckerman backlights the scroll to reveal hidden features
"The letters unfolded before our eyes like flowers."

represents a noteworthy departure from standard biblical texts, which are usually written in the third person with brief quotations sprinkled throughout. The style of the *Genesis Apocryphon*, Charlesworth insists, "is not a literary device to make the action more direct. It reflects the theology of the Jews of the period, who were living in what was for them a time of great stress. They believed this was not just a record of what someone thought Noah said, but a direct message from Noah himself to a people who were facing a new world, just as he had faced a new world."

This month the scholars will begin using a process known as digitization to put the pictures into a form suitable for computer analysis. In this procedure, a video camera is used to feed an electronic representation of each black-and-white photo to a special circuit board that can be placed inside an IBM-compatible personal computer. The circuitry divides each picture into tiny dots called pixels, much like the process by which old Hollywood black-and-white movies are colorized.



Long-lost words show up in an infrared photo

But instead of assigning colors to each pixel, the computer assigns each dot a number according to how light or dark it is. Thus on a scale of one to ten, a dark smudge or scratch might be assigned a nine or ten, while a lighter stroke becomes a five or six. These numbers can then be manipulated to filter out "noise" and bring out hidden features in the text. For example, all the pixels with high numbers can be changed to zeros to make them disappear, while the lighter pixels representing parts of actual letters can be darkened by boosting their values from five or six to ten.

Once the text of the *Genesis Apocryphon* is safely stored in the computer, it can be retrieved and recopied indefinitely. Given the rate at which the scroll is deteriorating, that may prove invaluable. "We got there in the nick of time," says Charlesworth. "No matter how fantastic your technology, you can't decipher something that isn't there." In the future, digitization may be carried out at the site of the archaeological find. It certainly will if these technoscholars have their way. As Zuckerman puts it, "I think we should treat documents like a murdered body. Leave it where it lies until the evidence can be collected from it."

—By Philip Eklund-DeWitt

Reported by Robert Slater/Jerusalem and David Wilson/Los Angeles



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Video



Hot items at the counter: gauging whether consumers would rather rent or buy

Shopping for Hollywood's Hits

Why do some movies on cassette cost \$90 when others cost \$30?

He enchanted movie audiences back in 1982 and earned \$700 million at the box office, an all-time Hollywood record. Now *E.T.* is finally getting set to materialize in video stores. But a mystery surrounds the cuddly alien's long-awaited debut on videocassette, scheduled for this fall. Will *E.T.* be priced in the stratosphere or at a more down-to-earth level?

As frequent visitors to the local video outlet know, there is scant middle ground these days. Most recent Hollywood releases, such as *Dirty Dancing* and *Robo-Cop*, are hitting the stores with a stiff suggested list price of nearly \$90—or even \$99.95, in the case of last year's Oscar winner *Platoon*. Yet some big hits, like *Top Gun* and “Crocodile” *Dundee*, have been introduced at a much more affordable \$29.95 or less. Confused consumers may ask: Why the discrepancy? The answer goes to the heart of a key issue facing the home-video industry: figuring out which movies VCR owners want to rent and which they want to buy.

In the case of most films, home-video companies figure that fans will be satisfied with a one-night stand. The companies set the price high, assuming that most cassettes will be bought only by retailers, who in turn will rent them to customers and keep all the rental income. (The price is typically reduced eight or nine months later.) But a few studios, notably Paramount and Disney, have pioneered prices of under \$30 for first-run releases deemed to be collectible. These include pop entertainments like *Raiders of the Last Ark*, cult faves like *Star Trek IV* and children's classics like *Lady and the Tramp* (the biggest-selling movie yet released on video). Industry observers believe *E.T.*, with its enduring family appeal,

will wind up in the low-priced camp.

Generally, however, prices seem to be trending higher. Paramount released *Beverly Hills Cop* on cassette in 1985 at \$29.95. But when *Beverly Hills Cop II* arrives in the stores this month, it will sell for \$89.95. Paramount executives explain that they are simply being selective about which films they target as probable big sellers, and thus candidates for bargain prices. Says Bob Klingensmith, president of Paramount's video division, “You don't have a *Top Gun* every month.”

Hollywood has found other ways to reap revenue from the burgeoning home-video market. Cassette viewers have started to find commercials preceding their movies: a Pepsi ad on *Top Gun*, a Nestlé's commercial on *Dirty Dancing* and a Lee Iacocca “tribute” to Chrysler's Jeep vehicles on *Platoon*. Home-video executives say they are proceeding cautiously with ads, but proceeding. “We'll do more, but only if the movie lends itself to a product,” says Alvin Reuben, a vice president of Vestron, which released *Dirty Dancing*.

The fact is that movie buffs seem ready to plunk down their bucks almost no matter what is on the tape. With VCRs in 54% of U.S. homes, an estimated 65 million movie cassettes were sold in 1987 (up from

51 million in 1986), and 3.3 billion were rented (up from 2.2 billion the year before). Newly minted cassettes of Hollywood classics are flooding the stores, and TV ad campaigns now alert buyers and renters to the release of recent hits. Notes a bullish Louis Feola, senior vice president of MCA Home Video: “There is a generation of kids growing up who do not remember life without a cassette.”

By Richard Zoglin.
Reported by William Tynan/New York and James Willwerth/Los Angeles



E.T.: due this fall

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Cinema

The Man Who Knew Too Little

FRANTIC Directed by Roman Polanski

Screenplay by Roman Polanski and Gérard Brach

Oh, no. Not again. Not the *H* word. All right. Be strong. Face up to it. *It-i-t-c-h-e-o-c-k-i-a-n*. There. That wasn't so bad, was it?

And *Frantic* isn't so bad either. As a matter of fact, it more nearly matches that critical cliché than most of the other movies on which the term is carelessly slapped. One can easily imagine Old Master Slyboots going for Roman Polanski's basic premise.

Dr. and Mrs. Richard Walker (Harrison Ford and Betty Buckley), innocent, middle-class Americans, arrive jet-lagged and grungy in Paris early one morning, their mood unimproved when the taxi bringing them into the city from the airport develops a flat tire. All they can think about is bed and breakfast before they plunge into the medical convention that he is about to address. Oh, yes, and hot showers. Walker is taking his and trying to hear something his wife is saying over the rush of water when she disappears. Just disappears.

The audience can see her exit as he cannot, and there is something distinctly odd, bad-dreamy about her movement out of frame and, as it happens, out of the normality that Polanski so nicely states in his film's early passages. There is something very human about her husband's—everybody's—refusal to admit at first that



Dad and the disco-bopper: Seigner and Ford on the dance floor

something unusual must have happened. How desperately we cling to the belief that orderliness is immutable.

The hotel people and the police are all Gallic shrugs. Perhaps Madame has a lover? The American embassy is all bureaucracy. See that line over there, buddy? Well, go stand in it, and then we'll listen to your troubles. Walker, whose characterization Ford balances nicely between exasperation and desperation, is all thumbs. He does not speak the language, he never gets to sleep, eat or change his suit, and he keeps stumbling into situations in which he needs all the coordina-

tion and smarts that regular habits help to ensure. Hitch at least used to give Cary Grant and James Stewart a minute to straighten their ties.

He also gave them grownup female allies. Poor Richard has to make do with disco-bopping Michele (Emmanuelle Seigner), who is every father figure's nightmare. She is an amiable girl, but without common sense or discernible attention span. It is she, vaporishly bearing *Frantic*'s MacGuffin, who mixes up her bag with the Walkers' luggage at the airport, thus starting off all their troubles.

It is also her character that causes the picture's problems. Polanski and Co-Writer Gérard Brach start by doing too little with her and end by doing too much. They might have exploited the comic possibilities of her dazy nature a little more, especially as the villains grow overtly menacing in their attempts to reclaim their lost luggage. That, though, is a forgivable flaw. The story, too, is busy with other demands that include, refreshingly, a desire to balance the demand for suspense against the need for plausibility. The principals are never tested by situations that require daring or skills beyond the reach of ordinary citizens.

What is not forgivable is the end to which Michele is maneuvered. It is a glaring, blaring atonality, the only conceivable purpose of which is to help Polanski prove that he is not a Hitchcockian after all—more serious, don't you know. But why spoil a perfectly enjoyable, often quite imaginative imitation by insisting on that dubious point?

—By Richard Schickel

Weakened Update

SWITCHING CHANNELS

The machinery still works. Sixty years after *The Front Page* hit Broadway, the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur farce retains its manic energy and toxic bite. Gags still pinwheel out of the plot—the one about a managing editor trying to scoop the world on a big story while keeping his ace reporter from deserting him to get married. And, as three previous movie incarnations have proved, *The Front Page* turns briskly whether the reporter is a man (Pat O'Brien

in 1931, Jack Lemmon in 1974) or the boss's ex-wife (Rosalind Russell in the 1940 *His Girl Friday*).

This time, the setting is a satellite TV network where Anchorwoman Christy Colerian (Kathleen Turner) is the best newsmen in town. Screenwriter Jonathan Reynolds needn't change much else. Even with their pampered hair and fractured prose, these journalists can be as rapacious and fallacious as the old guys. Just watch the media line up avidly for the first televised electrocution, then blow the story when the wardrobe blows a fuse. What you won't see here is the daft equivoque Howard Hawks



Paging Reynolds and Turner

brought to *His Girl Friday*. The new film's director, Ted Kotcheff, is content to push everybody into a small space and hope they're funny.

Well, sometimes. Burt Reynolds is amiable and, for once, animated as Turner's boss, who will hide a convict in a photocopy machine to protect his exclusive. Christopher Reeve brings a nice macho wimpitude to the role of her new beau—he's Clark Kent with a preening ego. And Turner, her wit percolating through that great womanly laugh, struts in high style. Now if only the movie could match her suave maneuvering. That would be front-page news.

—By Richard Corliss

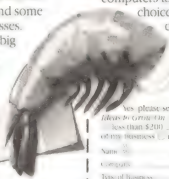
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Books

Home Is Where the Horrors Are

THE FIFTH CHILD by Doris Lessing; Knopf; 144 pages; \$16.95

Most horror stories appeal to a collective memory of childhood, the sense of being small and vulnerable in a world filled with large, mysterious beings. Portrayals of innocence or helplessness stalked by danger produce responses that are largely involuntary and hence all but fail-safe: a reader's skin crawls, a moviegoer looks away from the screen or screams. One variation on this formula is its mirror opposite: an evil child is born into an unsuspecting, defenseless society.

changed her emphasis; in *The Good Terrorist* (1985) she showed civilized London under siege by mindless anarchists. *The Fifth Child* admirably continues this iconoclastic tradition; it is scary, engrossing and radically disturbing.

At a London office party in the mid-1960s, boy meets girl. David Lovatt, 30, and Harriet Walker, 24, share the same unfashionable dream of settling into married life and having lots of children. David, whose parents divorced when he was sev-

family. It was what they had chosen and what they deserved."

Immersed in the coziness of their own creation, sensing themselves admired by their less fortunate houseguests, David and Harriet succumb to smugness. "We are the center of this family," David informs his mother. "We are—Harriet and me." Harriet chimes in, "This is what everyone wants, really, but we've been brainwashed out of it. People want to live like this, really."

When it comes to bizarre horrors, though, there is no place like home. Harriet's fifth pregnancy disrupts the insular domestic bliss: "David saw her sitting at the kitchen table, head in her hands, muttering that this new fetus was poisoning her." Harriet complains to her doctor, but he refuses to see anything wrong: "He made the usual tests, and said, 'It's large for five months, but not abnormally so.' After long agony, the child is born. Seeing him for the first time, the mother says, 'He's like a troll, or a goblin or something.' Harriet names him Ben and brings him home to his father and siblings, who learn to shun and fear him. The infant is physically precocious and incredibly strong, and he betrays no trace of human sympathy or fellowship. A dog and a cat about the premises die mysteriously, apparently strangled. David and Harriet come to view Ben as an enemy, one who 'had willed himself to be born, had invaded their ordinariness, which had no defences against him or anything like him.'"

The Fifth Child can be read simply as a hair-raising tale; the struggle between the Lovatt household and the "alien" who comes to live there is as full of twists and shocks as any page turner could desire. Lessing's style is straightforward, sometimes almost telegraphic: "In September, of the year Ben became eleven, he went to the big school. He was eleven. It was 1986." This sparseness suggests parable, a single accessible version of complex truths. Yet beneath its clear surface, Lessing's novel roils with several possible meanings. Perhaps David and Harriet, in their zeal to create a haven for themselves and what they call the "real children," have blinded themselves to humanity that lies "outside the permissible," beyond their constrained definitions of themselves. Maybe Ben represents a dangerous, violent streak in the species that must be either tamed or excluded from the realm of civilized life.

Lessing is much too canny to answer the questions her story so teasingly raises. Her artistry here, as it has so often been in the past, remains provocative. Family and society represent attempts to ward off all that is wild, destructive, unreasonable. But Lessing suggests that these controls, these apparently benign attempts to make life secure and bearable, may in fact spawn the monstrous.

—By Paul Gray



Lessing at home in London: continuing an iconoclastic tradition of bucking currents

An evil child is born into an unsuspecting, defenseless society.

This situation crops up in folk literature, with tales of changelings or of sleeping women seduced and impregnated by incubi, and occasionally appears in popular entertainments like *The Bad Seed* and *Rosemary's Baby*. Not many serious writers have risked such a plot. It reeks of discredited superstitions and demonologies; it suggests, contrary to liberal, enlightened opinion, that wickedness is inborn and intractable.

So perhaps it should not be surprising that the latest of Doris Lessing's more than 30 books tells of the birth of a monster. Throughout her long, distinguished career, Lessing has specialized in bucking currents. Her early fiction carried a strong, if artfully submerged, feminist message. Later, when the women's movement gathered force, she did not join the parade but rather devoted her energy to a cycle of five science-fiction novels. She criticized the West when its power seemed paramount. When the enemies of democracy grew threatening, she

en, wants to create the stable home he lacked while growing up; Harriet, a virgin, hopes to replicate her untroubled childhood. They find a huge Victorian house within commuting distance of London. It costs more than David's salary as an architect can provide, but his wealthy father agrees to take on the mortgage payments.

Despite the initial skepticism of relatives and friends, the Lovatts' experiment gets off to a brilliant beginning. In quick succession, four healthy children are born. Over Christmas and Easter vacations and during the summers, the house overflows with in-laws: "People came and went, said they were coming for a couple of days and stayed a week." Harriet's chores and recurrent pregnancies are eased by the almost constant presence of her mother, whose labor subsidizes this enterprise just as thoroughly as the money from David's father. But cost hardly seems to matter, measured against what it has helped to achieve: "Happiness. A happy family. The Lovatts were a happy



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Books

Godfathers

A RENAISSANCE TAPESTRY:
THE GONZAGA OF MANTUA

by Kate Simon

Harper & Row; 309 pages; \$22.50

Kate Simon's travel books and her autobiographical portraits, *Bronx Primitive* and *A Wider World*, are admired for their good sense, wit and pithy grace. These qualities serve her well as a popular historian of a period that has set the Western world's standards for art, culture, cynical statecraft and consumer spending. The legacy of the Italian Renaissance is never far from contemporary tastes; its style and egocentricities survive wherever easy money, ambition and ideas flourish. Lofly mindedness and low animal cunning rarely had a better stage on which to interact. As Simon puts it, "The susurrus of silks dragging through pools of blood, chivalric elegance living with bestiality in high places, the silver rose boxed with the dagger, fidelity bedded with perfidy, remain a collage whose fascination has never quite faded."

The names of the actors too linger like legendary godfathers and godmothers. Among them: Lorenzo ("the Magnificent") de' Medici, Ludovico ("the Moor") Sforza and Lucrezia Borgia, a victim of tabloid history's sensational headlines. Reports that Lucrezia was a sexual adventurer who mixed a heavy drink have never been adequately substantiated.

Simon concentrates on the less-known but equally compelling Gonzaga of Mantua, a city, she notes with subdued irony, that was dismissed in the 1923 edition of *Cook's Guide* as "of no interest except for art and history." The distinction between the two was not always apparent during the Renaissance. Like other leading families of the time, the Gonzaga schemed, fought and intermarried for almost three centuries to secure power and wealth, which they used to glorify their names with masterpieces. It was a good time for architects, painters, goldsmiths, furniture makers, costume designers and jewelers. According to the historian Charles Osman, Pope Leo X was so totally preoccupied with beauty and culture that his contemporaries "doubted even if he were a good Christian, but were certain that he was a good art-critic."

The extent of the Gonzaga art treasures was revealed in the mid-17th century, a period marking the clan's decline. Smelling a credit crunch, dealers alighted in Mantua to bargain for works by Michelangelo, Raphael, Caravaggio, Veronese and Van Dyke. Simon estimates that 700 paintings by these and other masters were sold, and eventually found various ways into the world's museums. One immovable prize was the Gonzaga pleasure palace at Te, the walls and ceilings of which bloomed with mural paintings that were forerunners of the mannerist style.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES

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financial products today's customers want, banks will soon be unable to compete. Insurance companies, stock brokers, and even retailers are now aggressively selling what used to be exclusively banking products. Yet, banks can't offer most new products because of an entanglement of outdated laws. Some, like the Glass-Steagall Act, date back to the 1930's.

It's Now Up to Congress.

Congress is now considering legislation to modernize our financial system—legislation such as S-1886, the Financial Modernization Act, sponsored by Senators Proxmire and

Garn. And, HR-3800, which is a comparable bill on the House side. Only if such legislation is enacted, will banks be able to continue their critical role of serving businesses, consumers and their communities.

Our country needs a strong, safe, and competitive financial system now, more than ever. The Congress should enact progressive legislation to assure that we have such a system.



American Bankers Association
1120 Connecticut Avenue, NW
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Simon: elegance and bestiality in high places

Even earlier, the lives of Mantua's rich and famous had grown so excessive that Cardinal Ercole, a Gonzaga, ordered controls. "His new rules," writes Simon, "called for severe restrictions in the consumption of peacocks, pheasants, and other game birds; only two kinds of roast and poultry were to be served at one time; no fish or oysters were to be offered with meats; dishes were not to be ornamented with figurines, fine inlays, bits of gold, as was the court custom." Women were limited to wearing "only one conspicuous gem" at a time.

The crackdown failed. Life was literally too short to skimp on pleasure and display. Untreatable diseases made 50 years an advanced age. The slow plague of syphilis is one of the smoldering subtexts of Simon's brimming narrative. Prostitutes gave the contagion to their customers, who passed it on to their wives. If women were not rendered barren by the bacterium, there were always the risks of childbirth and puerperal fever. Women were meant to provide heirs and cement profitable agreements through wedlock.

In her autobiography, Simon recalls her father's efforts to thwart her own intellectual curiosity. Here she writes with scarcely disguised bitterness of one promising Gonzaga daughter: "Her impressive knowledge of Virgil, every line, didn't matter, nor did her command of Greek, and so what if she could explain the propositions of Euclid? Her vocation was marriage."

Renaissance women like the connoisseur Isabella d'Este-Gonzaga, the poet Vittoria Colonna, the medical experimenter Caterina Sforza and Renée of France, who married into the court of Ferrara and founded a distinguished academy there, appear to have been the equal of their male counterparts in everything but the arts of war. But, as the determined faces in Simon's glittering tapestry suggest, many important victories were won in alcoves and bedrooms.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

—By R.Z. Sheppard

THE FORGOTTEN WAR

by Clay Blair

Times Books: 1,136 pages; \$29.95

Troops were flabby, commanders aging and equipment faulty. In the sub-zero temperatures, automatic rifles jammed, canteens burst, blood plasma froze solid. The enemy attacked in overwhelming numbers, blowing horns and letting out blood-curdling whoops. Such was the situation faced by U.S. infantrymen in the early days of the Korean War. No wonder Military Historian Clay Blair, in this meticulously documented account, describes their initial performance as miserable.

But in the lore of the time, as well as in the estimated 300 books since written about the war, one group of soldiers has often been singled out as having failed more abysmally than the rest: the then segregated black units. Tales persist of black troops breaking ranks before the enemy, throwing down their weapons and fleeing, while valorous white officers tried to stem the retreat. That view, argues Blair, is inaccurate and blatantly racist. It arose, he suggests, from disgruntled and sometimes incompetent white officers, and was uncritically absorbed by Army historians. For example, Blair cites the scathing official account of the all-black 368th Central Postal Directory's defeat at the Battle of Hürtgen in August 1950. Several white regiments, he asserts, fared equally poorly in early battles but are not denigrated in official histories. Such prejudice, Blair says, is unworthy of the government.

In its place, he offers vignettes of black heroism drawn from his own research and hundreds of interviews with veterans. One is of Lieut. Ellison C. Wynn, executive officer of a half-black company pinned down when the Chinese swarmed over the Yalu River in November 1950. When ammunition ran out, Wynn waded into battle, throwing rocks and canned C rations at the enemy. He was finally dropped by a Chinese grenade but survived to collect a Distinguished Service Cross. The maligned 24th Infantry, Blair points out, arrived from Japan 17 days after the North Korean attack, and within a week had taken the town of Yechon in what some observers regarded as the first U.S. victory of the war.

One portion of the Army history remains to be released: the long-delayed Volume II, covering the war from November 1950 through June 1951. It seems a safe bet that, thanks in part to Blair's revisionist book, the volume will get a rigorous prepublication inspection for racial bias. Already the Army has set up a task force under General Roscoe Robinson Jr., a black and a Korean War veteran, to lay the groundwork for a separate history of the 24th Infantry. —By Bruce van Voort

—By Bruce van Voorst

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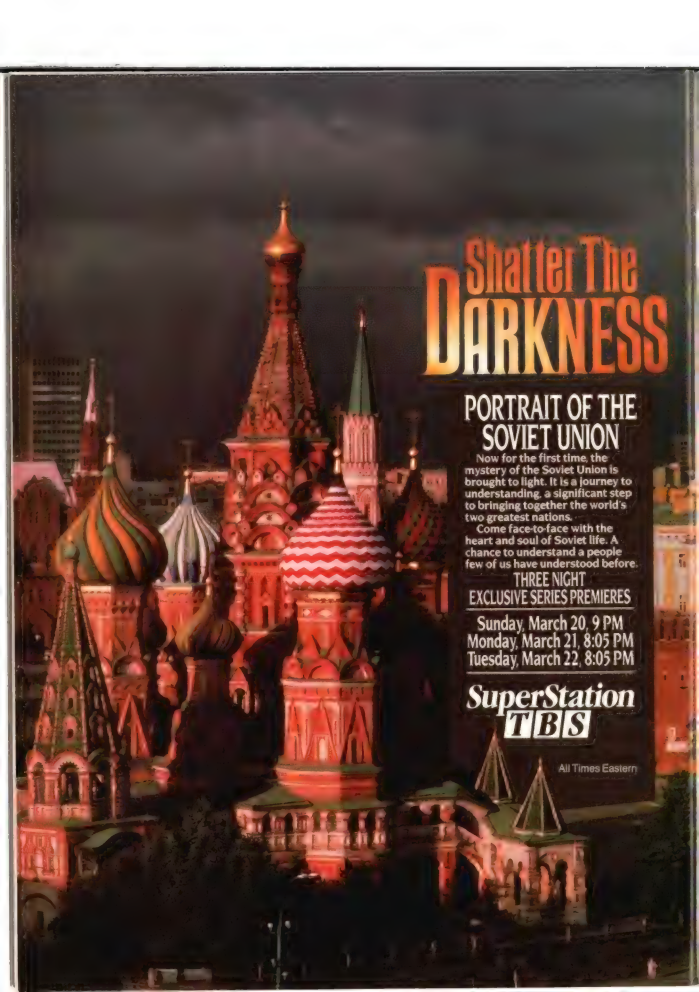
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The man of God brought low by carnal temptation. The image may seem to leap from today's headlines, but Jimmy Swaggart and Jim Bakker are only the latest in a long line that stretches back to the fictional Arthur Dimmesdale, yearning for Hester Prynne in *The Scarlet Letter*. After such falls from grace are revealed, the question always arises: Were the sinners truly devout souls brought to perdition or fiendish fakers from the start? That is precisely the issue raised by American literature's most exuberant portrait of religious hysteria and hypocrisy. Sinclair Lewis' 1927 *Elmer Gantry*.

The issue, which applies equally to Gantry and his partner in passion, the faith healer Sharon Falconer, is, alas, never resolved in the musical adaptation now at Ford's Theater in Washington. Vigorously staged, tuneful and robustly acted, this ambitious work circles outside the characters and never gives them a chance to look deep inside themselves, except in a pair of oblique, cryptic solo songs. Director David H. Bell has let a number of solecisms slip past, including a raunchy *Monkey Song* about the secret lustfulness of women that is entertaining but out of character for the men of a traveling revival show. Librettist John Bishop links the story's religious excesses too closely to the economic travails of the 1930s. But in Casey Biggs and Sharon Scruggs as the saints turned sinners turned martyrs, this promising show has led performers capable of competing with the vivid memory of the 1960 film.

—W.A.H.M.



Partners in passion: Scruggs and Biggs



Waterston and Prosky as U.S. and Soviet negotiators: conscience and a common fate

To Survive, Just Keep Talking

A WALK IN THE WOODS by Lee Blessing

Nuclear-arms negotiation does not sound like a promising topic for a play, particularly not for a comedy. Visions come to mind of tables thumped and war-headers somberly debated, of apocalypse incurred by accident or satirized with Dr. Strangelove glee. The pop-culture memory remains cluttered with the tendentious alarmism of the 1960s and with more recent, ham-fisted TV mega-epics such as *World War III* and *The Day After*. It is hard to see how any narrative on the subject could avoid being either dogged and dull or archly ironic and malicious. But Playwright Lee Blessing has brought it off. His *A Walk in the Woods* is a work of passion and power with the ring of political truth. It is not only the best of the few dramas to reach Broadway this season, it is also the funniest comedy.

Blessing's jumping-off point is the real-life chat between U.S. Negotiator Paul Nitze and Soviet Delegate Yuli Kvit-sinsky, as they strolled in private during arms-control talks in Geneva in 1982. At the time, a legion of reporters speculated about what Nitze and Kvit-sinsky said in their confab. Blessing clearly felt the higher calling was to evoke what they should have said. His Soviet negotiator, far from a typical xenophobe, is worldly, urbane and cynical. His American diplomat is stuffy, didactic, socially inept but fervently idealistic about averting a nuclear horror. The two grow close, if not quite friendly, in their occasional walks between formal negotiations. The Soviet is able to be blunt when he explains to the American why the Kremlin must reject what both sides agree is a fair and useful arms-control plan: "We don't trust you."

A Walk in the Woods debuted a year

ago at the Yale Repertory Theater, then went on to the La Jolla Playhouse, near San Diego. Very little of the language has changed during its development. The biggest changes have come in what used to be the stately speeches, which the author has made more spontaneous. Director Des McAnuff and Set Designer Bill Clarke have been involved throughout. But the two-character show has had three casts, and the nuances of performance and even physiognomy have strikingly altered the play's political impact.

The Yale production stressed the dichotomy between Old World awareness of the burdens of the past and New World faith in the perfectibility of man. This is downplayed by the Broadway cast. So is the Soviet's seductive charm in comparison with his American colleague's priggishness. Sam Waterston makes the U.S. delegate appealing even when he is obsessive. This gifted but erratic actor hits a career high with a scene in which he reveals the personal strain of feeling responsible for the fate of mankind. As the Soviet, Robert Prosky has most of the more poetic speeches, but he looks lumpishly like Khrushchev and erupts in rage just often enough to arouse an onlooker's caution.

In this production the characters' differences remain vivid, but their common fate is more clear. Each has a conscience; each devotes his life to the paramount issue of survival; yet neither can feel any sense of accomplishment, or any hope of guiding his country out of the woods of Mutual Assured Destruction. Their highest achievement is to keep talking. As the Soviet says in a poignant valedictory, "Our time together has been a very great failure. But—a successful one."

—By William A. Henry III

People



Who's that girl in the question mark? She has a leading role in *Speed the Plow*, a new play by **David Mamet** (*Hurlyburly*, *Glengarry Glen Ross*) that begins a four-week run at New York City's Lincoln Center later this month before moving on to Broadway. She auditioned against 30 other actresses before Mamet and Director **Gregory Mosher** gave her the role of Karen, a temporary secretary in a Hollywood producer's office. To look the part, she traded in her glamorous togs for a shapeless dress and lackluster hairdo. "She read just beautifully," Mosher recalls. "She is an honest-to-God actress. She's got a clarity and transparency." But not so much transparency that they'll

stop calling her the Material Girl anytime soon, even if **Madonna** makes a success of her first Broadway stage role.

"It is really hard carrying the weight of the world on your shoulders, organizing summits between world leaders and saving the whales," said **U2** Lead Singer **Bono** last week at the 30th Annual Grammy Awards at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall. "But we like our work." And so, it seems, does everybody else. The Irish rock group led the pack of contenders with *The Joshua Tree*, winning both Album of the Year and Best Vocal Group. Among the notable no-shows: **Paul Simon**, Record of the Year (*Graceland*); **Bruce Springsteen**, Best Rock Vocal Performance (*Tunnel of Love*); and **Sting**, Best Pop Vocal Performance (*Bring on the Night*). Still, there was plenty of glitz to light up the Grammys, which had finally moved back to New York City from Los Angeles after a seven-year absence. **Whitney Houston** kicked off the evening with a funky, high-voltage rendition of her hit *I Wanna Dance with Somebody* (Best Pop Female Performance). But the emotional highlight was provided by **Michael Jackson**,



Anything but bad: Jackson at the Grammys

whose album *Bad* won only a single Grammy (Best Engineering). In his first TV appearance in four years, a non-gloved Jackson did a modified moonwalk to *The Way You Make Me Feel*, followed by a galvanizing version of the gospel ballad *The Man in the Mirror*. Spinning and writhing as if in a spiritual rapture, Jackson sent a message to heaven that brought down the house.

Hollywood royalty has ruled Los Angeles for decades, but even the stars were agog last week as Britain's **Duke and Duchess of York** continued their ten-day visit to Southern California. Prince Andrew affably took a backseat to his megawatt wife, who was greeted everywhere by crowds shouting

"Fergie, Fergie, we love you!" (To one male admirer, Fergie replied, "I'll see you later!") At various stops along the couple's busy itinerary, they mingled with Actors **Jack Nicholson**, **Jack Lemmon** and **Pierce Brosnan**, and Prince Andrew, ever the cutup, welcomed a group of businessmen aboard the royal yacht *Britannia* by quipping "Please don't sink her when you go to sea." Later on, aboard the aircraft carrier *Nimitz*, the Prince was taken for a spin in an S-3A Viking antisubmarine jet while Fergie watched from the deck. As the plane circled back over the ship, the couple waved royally to each other.

A self-proclaimed "television freak" and "die-hard follower of the Dallas Cowboys," he lives quietly with his 19-year-old wife in his large Virginia mansion. But **Reza Pahlavi**, 27, is no East Coast yuppie. According to an article in the March issue of *Dossier* magazine, the son of the late Shah of Iran is laying plans to return to his country and lead a popular uprising against the **Ayatullah Khomeini**. To that end, he spends much

of his time meeting with Iranian expatriates. "I represent them all," he proclaims of his would-be subjects. But while Pahlavi is dead serious about regaining the Peacock Throne, the young heir has not lost his sense of humor. Asked teasingly if he will use an American Express card to fund the revolt, he replies, "I have a better idea. I'll bring my Hertz card and get a 10% discount. Then maybe I can rent a tank."

You've just walked into the hottest nightclub in town. **Sly Stallone** is at the bar, and **Cher** is posing against a pillar. Outside, **George Bush** and **Pope John Paul II** are trying to talk their way past the doorman. Friday night at Nell's in Manhattan? The Stock Exchange



Star power: Andrew and Fergie getting a royal reception in Los Angeles

in L.A.? No, it's the celebrity puppet crowd at **Sid and Marty Krofft's Redeye Express**, a TV pilot airing this week on CBS. Hosted by a flesh and blood **Ron P. Reagan**, 30, the music-cum-satire revue features mannequins similar to those on the hit British series *Spitting Image*. Says Ron: "It's a little bizarre at first working with puppets. You have to treat them like the real thing." Especially when they resemble your mom and dad.

Heeeerrrrre's Jimmmmy!!! **Jimmy Carter**, that is. For a recent benefit dinner in Crested Butte, Colo., the former U.S. President amazed his audience



Carter as Carnak the Magnificent

by donning a turban and doing his own version of **Johnny Carson's Carnak the Magnificent**. Carter's re-enactment of the famous *Tonight* show routine helped raise \$9,000 for a local disabled-skiers program. Of course, psychic powers were not necessary to figure out the butt of most of the jokes. (Answer: a **Ronald Reagan** sandwich. Question: What's so full of baloney you can't swallow it?) Afterward, **Rosalynn Carter** remarked that if anyone had asked eight years ago, she'd have said that her husband would never, ever wear a turban. Answer: Jimmy Carter. Question: Who is always willing to use his noggin for a good cause?

Things have a way of reversing themselves in the novels—and life—of **Philip**



Is this any way to run a nightclub? Reagan flanked by two familiar faces on *Redeye Express*

Roth (*Portnoy's Complaint, The Counterlife*). It all began when Roth offered to help his brother, Artist **Sanford Roth**, title some paintings for an upcoming one-man show. "I made suggestions," says Philip, 54. "The names lasted for about 24 hours." Confirms Sanford, 60: "They didn't make the cut. One that we did keep was *The Face of Things*, which became the name of the show." Last week 26 of Sanford's acrylic and mixed-media works went on view at Manhattan's Jack Gallery. Asked if the hero's brother in *The Counterlife* is based on his real sibling, Philip remains contrary: "It's Sandy's paintings, not my books, that are autobiographical—and embarrassing to all of us."



Family ties: Philip and Sanford Roth

People may be what they eat, but the President's palate also tends to reflect his political tastes. At least that can be surmised from the observations of **Hans Raffert**, 60, who was just appointed to the post of White House executive chef. The German-born Raffert, a onetime chef on cruise ships, has spent the past 18 years in the kitchen catering to the whims of three administrations. **Richard** and **Pat Nixon** dined imperially. "They were very fond of roasted duck," he reports. By contrast, "President Carter loved quail with grits, which was served every Sunday. He also enjoyed fish that he caught himself in Georgia." As for **Ronald Reagan**, solid heartland fare like macaroni and cheese and hamburger soup is his favorite, while **Nancy** prefers trendy dishes like "cooked julienne of chicken, endives, avocado and lime juice with a little olive oil." Says Raffert: "They never snack." Apparently jolly beans don't count.

He looks like the all-American Boy, but **Walter Polovchak** was a Soviet kid who created an international furor when he refused to return home to the U.S.S.R. with his parents eight years ago. The years since

then have made "the littles defector" even bigger on America. Last week **Polovchak**, 20, began a national tour to promote his autobiography, *Freedom's Child* (Random House; \$17.95). The book,



Polovchak: reborn in the U.S.A.

which was co-written with Washington *Post* Editor Kevin Klose, chronicles Walter's battle with his parents and the courts and ends after he became a proud U.S. citizen in 1985. He wrote his story to help Americans "understand freedom." His personal dream? "To become a successful anchorman, live in a nice house, have a nice car, a wife, a few kids." You can't get more American than that. —By **Gay D. Garcia**. Reported by **David E. Thigpen**/New York

Essay

Lance Morrow

The Gravitas Factor

The 1988 campaign proceeds in a dreamy weightlessness. Multiple images of multiple candidates float through the night air—the bright auditorium, the shiny “hopefuls.” The audience almost unconsciously makes a ritual calculation. They do not judge the men on the issues, really, so much as on the unarticulated question of gravitas. Which of the candidates has the weight, the size, the something, to become President?

Gravitas is a mystery, just as the presidency itself is something of a mystery. Gravitas is a secret of character and grasp and experience, a force in the eye, the voice, the bearing. Sometimes—as with, say, Winston Churchill—it announces itself as eloquence, and sometimes it proclaims itself as a silence, a suspension full of either menace or Zen. The Japanese believe a man's gravitas emanates from densities of the unspoken.

Sicilians speak of a “man of respect,” a phrase suggesting, at its darkest reach, a gravitas that can not only hurt but even kill in order to enforce that respect. Gravitas is a phenomenon of power, but the forms and styles of power are various. Dictators are forever strutting the tin-horn's impersonation of gravitas. Brute power is only one of the cruder types, and it is sometimes subdued by other forms: a moral gravitas, for example. Martin Luther King Jr. brought his gravitas to bear against men of power who were morally vacant. Gravitas may be aggression, but it may express itself otherwise, as something withheld, as a dignity and forbearance.

A peculiarly powerful form of gravitas may arise out of suffering. It draws its authority not only from the redemptive example of Christ but also from Greek tragedy: the terrible moral power of woe. Mother Teresa has that gravitas of the redemptive. Whole cultures may be judged weighty or weightless by the calibration of suffering. Russian history sometimes seems an entire universe of gravitas: always there is the heavy Slavic woe, the encroaching dark and metaphysical winter.

And yet Mikhail Gorbachev, a figure of gravitas among world leaders, achieves his effect precisely by reversing the Slavic inevitabilities: opening the windows, airing out the old system. The earlier generations of Soviets (Leonid Brezhnev, for example) sat upon the world's stage like dark boulders. Weight is not enough. Gravitas is weight with complexities of life and intelligence in it.

One can make a game of gravitas: who has it, who does not, Gorbachev, surely. Pope John Paul II. Jimmy Carter did not. Nor did Gerald Ford. Richard Nixon displayed a bizarre and complex gravitas that destroyed itself in sinister trivialities. Does Ronald Reagan have gravitas? In some ways, Reagan seems a perfect expression of the anti-gravitas America of the late '80s, a place that can seem weightless and evanescent, as forgetful as a television screen. Gravitas, a deep moral seriousness, is not necessarily the virtue for an electronic age. And yet Reagan

possesses a gravitas of authenticity. In any case, lame ducks always suffer from diminished gravitas. People don't take them as seriously as before, when the days of power lay ahead.

Margaret Thatcher undoubtedly has gravitas. One thinks of Barbara Jordan as a figure of gravitas (the voice, the steady, strong intelligence).

In the long preliminary stages, the '88 campaign seemed depressing, a drama in wan search of heroes and meanings. Such diminutive choices must mean that the nation itself has grown diminished. The Old Testament, that thunderous text inhabited by nothing less than the gravitas of God, recorded, “There were giants in the earth in those days.” Americans now alive remember Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, John Kennedy—not all giants in any consensus but men of weight and consequence. But history is full of optical illusions.

In 1861 President-elect Abraham Lincoln made his way East from Illinois. Much of the world regarded him as a coarse and faintly ridiculous country lawyer. Lincoln proved to be a complex historical surprise.

Something of the same error of premature judgment occurred with Franklin Roosevelt. As he took office in 1933, F.D.R. hardly seemed a savior to anyone. Edmund Wilson wrote at the time that Roosevelt

was a decent man, but “was there anything durable?” When Roosevelt died, the nation watched in horror as a depthless little haberdasher from Missouri, a seeming nullity out of the old Pendergast machine in Kansas City, moved into the White House. Over the years, however, Harry Truman acquired historical size and force.

George Washington invented the form of American presidential gravitas. His political successors lived with a perception of decline, of a falling off from the golden age. When Warren G. Harding (a falling off indeed) expressed doubt that he had the size to be President, an Ohio political boss named Harry Daugherty told him, “Don't make me laugh... The days of the giants in the presidential chair is passed... Greatness in the presidential chair is largely an illusion of the people.”

Americans every four years have to talk themselves into something. They need to see a kind of plausibility in a candidate. The Nobel Prize committees go through the same exercise: the candidates have to be elevated to the general vicinity of the mythic in order to be worthy. But it may be a law of the drama that the presidential choices almost always seem inadequate. People feel an underlying anxiety, not necessarily because the candidates are no good, but because at a moment of such change, an entire society is suspended, awaiting the next act.

In a campaign with no incumbent running, a candidate's presidential gravitas is hypothetical. Only the enactment of a presidency can make a President. Now, all is faith, or hope, or dispirited guessing.



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